

not in Esdaile

A: THE *Abingdon*
Inhumane
CARDINAL,
OR,
Innocence Betray'd.
A
NOVEL.

Written
By a Gentlewoman, for the
Entertainment of the Sex.

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and

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TO HER
Royal Highness
THE
PRINCESS
ANN,
OF
DENMARK.

MADAM,

Great is my Confusion
when I wou'd ap-
proach ; an humble
Awe checks my Ambition ;
and I am afraid to lay so mean

A 4 a Tri-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

a Trifle at the Feet of Your
Royal Highness. But as with
Heaven, a devoted Heart at-
tones for a worthless Offering ;
so Most Excellent *Princess*, let
the fervent Zeal, which in-
clines me towards your Ser-
vice, excuse this too too bold
an Undertaking.

You are a *Princess* whose
Presence creates an Universal
Joy and Veneration in all your
pleas'd Beholders. We view in
your Majestick Lineaments,
the August Air of your *Royal*
Ancestors : Whilst with this be-
coming Majesty, something so
agreeably affable is join'd, that
your humble Creatures find
their Access both easy and de-
lightful :

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lightful : And those who have the Honour and Happyness to attend your *Royal Person*, plainly discover those Moral and Princely Virtues, refin'd with sincere Christian Piety, which Beautify and Reign in your *Heroick Soul* : and the unequal'd Character they give, raises the love of Virtue in the Breast of the most stupid.

'Tis said Example goes before Precept ; and that of all Examples we are fondest of those our Princes set before us. How incorrigible then are these polluted Times , when *You, Illustrious Madam*, stand a Pattern most Excellently Glorious ?

The

The Epistle Dedicatory.

The Prayers of all good Men daily importune Heaven on your behalf, nor are their Prayers in vain; nor do the bounteous Powers barely behold such worth, without reward; Blessings crowd around, and leave (I hope) no wish unsatisfied.

Blest in the Royal Partner of your Bed, that Great Good Man; words that but seldom truly join; Blest your Self, and blessing all, in that Lovely Blooming Prince, the *Duke of Glocester*; whose forward Youth Wings the breath of Fame; and were her Tongues innumerable, when she reports of him, some wonder must be
left

The Epistle Dedicatory.

left untold. Joy of the Present Age, and Darling hopes, on which the future one depends. Oh may he Inherit the Extracted Virtues of all our *Brittish Kings*; the Courage of our Present Sovereign; but a Fortune peculiarly Great, peculiarly his own; Conspicuous, and far above whatever went before: that Succeeding Worlds, may to his Glorious Name, justly add the Epithet of Happy.

I ought now to say something, in reference to the following Sheets; but my ravish'd Pen hath been entertain'd upon so sublime a Theme, that it disdains to descend;
and

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and my heart full of Rapture,
that is, full of your *Royal High-*
ness , will only give me leave
to endeavour the expressing,
how much I am,

Madam,

Your Royal Highness's

Devoted humble Servant,

Mary Pix.

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T H E
Inhumane Cardinal,
O R
Innocence Betray'd.

ALL that are conversant in History, must remember the unbecoming Sway *Donna Olimpia* held in the Court of *Rome*, during the Papacy of *Innocent* the Tenth. The Fiction of *Hercules's* changing Cloaths with his beloved Mistress, ought here to have been practis'd; for that Pope gave himself wholly up to Laziness and Effeminacy, whilst *Olimpia* govern'd both in Church and State.

B

If

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If any person wanted Ecclesiastical preferment, *Donna Olimpia* receiv'd their Presents and Address; if an Ambassador was earnest for dispatch, her Interest alone could obtain it. Thus she remain'd courted, adored by all; Caressing few, unless it were the Cardinals. Those she was very fond of making her Creatures, that her Power might rule in all their Councils.

And amongst that Scarlet Fraternity, *Antonio Barbarino* was the Man she most affected. He was wicked, as her vilest Wishes; and cunning as her subtlest Thoughts, when they formed Revenge; *Revenge* which was her darling Pleasure; Witness the Rage she, for years, maintain'd against her own Son, only because his Wife was great and beautiful.

But to return to our matter: This Cardinal *Antonio* was something cold, and did not follow her Measures so exactly as she desired; much she would have done, to have obtained the

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the absolute Ascendant over him; and Fortune, at last, became obliging to her Wish: She had observ'd the Cardinal, in some of his late Visits, to appear very sad and thoughtful; she often press'd him to know the Cause, whilst he for some time continued to evade her Importunity; at length, being alone with her, and she becoming again inquisitive, he ushering his Discourse with a Sigh, began thus.

‘ Madam, the fear that I shall stand
‘ wholly corrected, and condemned,
‘ by your severer Vertue, has thus
‘ long deterr’d me from disclosing
‘ my Tortures. I know, Madam, you
‘ have Designs which you would give
‘ the World to effect; prove but then
‘ indulgent to those dear guilty Wishes
‘ I am going to discover: and here
‘ I solemnly swear to assist you with
‘ my utmost power, in all your
‘ Commands, of what nature soever.
This Promise was too kind, not to
gain the like Assurance from *Donna*

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Olimpia ; and the Cardinal proceed-
ed.

‘ Ambition only fired my Youth,
‘ and led me on to Greatness ; but
‘ now a gentler Flame hath filled my
‘ Heart, yet more tormenting. I am
‘ in Love, O *Olimpia* ; raging mad
‘ with Love, to that degree possess’d,
‘ that if I enjoy not the Object of
‘ these violent Desires, life it self will
‘ become a burthen insupportable.

Though *Olimpia* was declining in
Age, and never any exact Beauty,
yet so vain is Woman ; that she be-
gan to hope for a declaration of Love ;
sets her Face in the best order ; puts
on affected Looks ; turns her Eyes
from *Antonio’s* : and seems in great
expectation. But he quickly unde-
ceiv’d her, by adding : ‘ It is the
‘ beautiful *Melora*, Daughter to the
‘ Marquess of *Coure*, now Ambassa-
‘ dor from *France*. Fair, charming
‘ as an Angel ; her Eyes shoot amo-
‘ rous Fire, yet are repleat with Mo-
‘ desty ; and much I fear, no Temp-
‘ tation

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'tation, though dress'd with allu-
'ring Pleasure, or dazzling Wealth,
'will o'recome her. 'The vicious,
'answer'd wicked *Olimpia*, yield of
'themselves; nor were it worth
'your care or mine, were she not
'virtuous. 'Leave this business, ad-
'ded she, to my conduct; and, provi-
'ded you spoil not my Design, with
'unseasonable Frugality; 'le ingage
'to bring *Melora* to your Arms. The
passionate Priest was transported,
fell at her Feet, embraced her Knees,
and promised her inestimable Trea-
sures, if she made good her Word.
She asked him, if *Melora* knew him:
he assur'd her, No; for there had
been a misunderstanding betwixt her
Father and him; and he was the on-
ly Person of his Rank, that did not
frequent the Ambassador's House,
nor had ever seen her but at Church;
where, added he, those lovely un-
heeding Eyes have never mark'd me
with a fixt regard; the brighter
Stars that now alone must rule my

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Fate. After other Discourses to the same purpose, the Cardinal took his leave, and that night sent *Olimpia* a Dressing-table cover'd with Plate, valu'd at eight Thousand Crowns; for he knew *that Woman* avaricious, and took the right way to hasten her Endeavours for his satisfaction. Soon after, this bribed Designer did the French Ambassador a signal piece of Service, in a business of importance; and when he would have made her a Present for that Favour: she refus'd it, saying, all she desired in return, was: That he would send his Daughter, the fair *Melora*, to see her; for though a Woman, that Lady's Face had so charm'd her: she even long'd to contract a Friendship with her. The good Marquess was transported to hear what an Honour was design'd his dear lov'd Daughter; and delay'd not sending her to wait upon *Olimpia*, who caress'd her at an unusual rate; discover'd all her little insinuating Arts of Fondness, whilst

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whilst the deluded Maid was, beyond expression, pleased to hear her talk so kindly ; to see all her rich Cabinets, and those Millions of Curiosities she was Mistress of. Many pretty Presents, (at the first Visit) *Olimpia* forc'd *Melora* to accept ; nor would she part with her without a firm Promise of her coming every day to see her ; which this innocent Virgin most willingly agreed to, and perform'd. Nothing now was more talk'd of, or envy'd amongst the Ladies, then this new Friendship : they appear'd at every publick place together ; and *Melora* having a Garb suitable to that Greatness, quickly added to the number of her Adorers : but that was the only Restriction *Olimpia* gave her, not to entertain the Addresses of any, still hinting at some wonderful Design she had for her ; and always saying to her, That Heaven had sure ordain'd that lovely Face, that august Mien, for Sovereignty. Nor could *Olimpia* (as much

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as she was inclin'd to it) flatter, in commending her, for she was really amiable to a Miracle.

She was of stature tall, shap'd beyond the Art of a Description, and mov'd with a Majestick Air. Her Eyes were black and shining; and aw'd the trembling Lover from gazing long. Her Hair seem'd to vie with them for Charms and Lustre; then her Skin was of that amazing whiteness, 'twould raise emotions in the most retired Recluse. In fine, her Hands, Arms, and every agreeable Lineament of that exact Frame, her Body, forc'd from the most envious of her own Sex, the Appellation of a perfect Beauty. Nor did the bounteous Powers stop with these Graces; but gave also a Mind composed of Harmony: wise, as experienced Age; witty, as Youth, inspired with Poetry: and innocent, as harmless Childhood.

Oh *Melora*! after-Ages shall with pity read, even to the end of Time,
that

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that such an Angel should be given to the Guardianship of a Devil; for so curst *Olimpia* prov'd.

Olimpia us'd a most ingaging way to all Persons, where her Interest was concern'd; and though to the indifferent World, and those beneath her, she seem'd haughty, and full of pride; yet her inward Conversation was affable, and to a wonder pleasing; the highest Charms of which she had even industriously bestow'd upon *Melora*; and so perfectly was that young Creature-indear'd to her, that she would as soon have dy'd, and as willingly, as disoblig'd her.

The impatient Cardinal complain'd, and told *Olimpia*, she mov'd not half so fast as his Desires. But this cunning Artificer resolv'd to lay a sure Foundation before she began so difficult a work. And the first step towards it, was the desiring *Melora* to let a famous Florentine Painter take her Picture in Miniature; which was granted, as soon as asked. The

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Piece was exquisitely done, and presented to *Olimpia*. All seem'd now to favour her Designs ; and she only wanted an obliging Opportunity to introduce her well-laid Story to *Melora*. Which thus happen'd : *Olimpia* coming from the Pope's Palace, call'd for her dear Companion (as she term'd *Melora*) who was at her Father's House, entertaining *Donna Brandina*, a Roman Lady of Quality ; but of a fantastick Humor : the chief Business of her Life, being to find out all the loving Affairs amongst the great Ones, either in Court or City. Nay, so eager was she at this insignificant Curiosity, that she kept a Correspondency even with Chamber-maids. After *Olimpia* came in, *Brandina* began again to tell over all the impertinent amorous Adventures she had lately heard ; but perceiving them not much delighted with her foolish Relations : she, at length, took her leave, to the wish'd desire
of

of the two friendly Ladies, who long'd to enjoy themselves privately. For the accomplishment of which *Donna Olimpia* propos'd taking the Air a few miles out of Town: *Melora* being her perfect Devotee, with chearfulness agreed. As soon as their Coach was disengag'd from the Hurry of *Rome*, that sweet French Woman, looking upon *Olimpia* with a Smile: Madam, said she, *Donna Brandina* came to me to day with important News; and hath told me a Story, which hath extreamly diverted me. What is't, for Heavens sake, answer'd *Olimpia*, that talkative Creature could say to please thee, my Dear? It seems, reply'd the fair one, your Highness, out of your immense Goodness, setting a value upon the Trifle you commanded (my Picture) has order'd a Lapidary to set it in Diamonds; which this inquisitive Lady finding out, concludes a piece of Gallantry done by some Lover; and has plac'd me
amongst

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amongst her Virgins, that are concern'd in Heroick Amours, as yet to her undiscover'd. For (continu'd *Melora* laughing) she keeps a daily Journal of all the Intrigues that pass, and is now almost distracted to know my humble Servant.

'It is strange, said *Olimpia*, that
'empty Creature should guess at
'hidden Truths; for since Chance
'hath broke the Ice, I will own to
'thee, my dearest Girl, 'tis an illu-
'strious Lover, is giving that deser-
'ved Ornament to thy charming Pi-
'cture. 'How, Madam, said *Me-
'lora*! nay, if you resolve to rally
'your Servant, I must remain dumb,
'and only answer with confusion and
'Blushes.

'No, reply'd *Olimpia*, in a grave
'Tone, this is as true as you are fair
'and good; there is a Person in the
'World is in Love with you. In Love
'with you! Oh weak Expression!
'added she vehemently; is dying
'for you; suffers all the violent
'pangs,

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'pangs, Poetry e're feigned, or man
'e're felt.

His Quality is Supream ; yet his
Ambition terminates in being your
Slave ; then be not angry that I have
given him your Picture : For though
you are bright as an Angel, and Mi-
strefs of unequal'd Charms ; yet he
deserves, my Fairest, even you, end-
ed *Olimpia*, embracing her. ' What-
'soever is acted by my Divinest Pa-
'tronefs, said *Melora*, bowing low,
'by me, with strictest Obedience
'and highest Pleasure shall be obser-
'ved ; and when you, my ever ho-
'noured Friend, grow weary of my
'faithful Heart : dispose of it as you
'please, your Commands must needs
'be easie. ' Be assured, Charmer
'(answer'd this designing Lady) I
'will never part with that inestima-
'ble Jewel, but upon Terms that shall
'wholly redound to your Advantage.

She paus'd upon this, and left the
Subject for *Melora* to consider some
few days without farther explaining
her

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her self. *Then* seeming in a very pleasant Humor, she takes *Melora* into her Cabinet, and ask'd her smiling, if since their last private Conference, she had not dream'd of an accomplish'd Cavalier sighing at her Feet, and dying for her Love? 'My Thoughts, reply'd that modest Maid, so seldom frame an Idea of Mankind, that it is almost impossible that they should disturb my Dreams.

'But methinks, said *Olimpia*, one recommended by me, should make a little deeper impression on that frigid Heart of yours. 'Behold here, added she, (taking out a gold Box, and opening it) your Picture which with much ado I obtain'd from the Amorous Prince for an hour or two. *Melora* took it in her hand, and view'd it with wonder; nor could she chuse; for it was a dazzling Object, being set Oval fashion in large Diamonds: Round the fairest, which was uppermost, these words were ingraven;

Dim,

Dim, to the Lustre of her Eyes.

‘ Now, Madam, cry’d *Melora* ea-
‘ gerly, you must forgive my Curio-
‘ sity, and permit me, like my Sex,
‘ to be wondrous inquisitive : For
‘ the Title of Prince, which you have
‘ given this *unknown*, and the bright-
‘ ness of these Jewels, strike me in-
‘ to amazement ; I cannot believe
‘ your Goodness would abuse my
‘ Credulity with fictitious Stories ;
‘ nor can I have Pride enough to ima-
‘ gine a Prince my Lover. ‘ What I
‘ told you before, I solemnly confirm,
‘ says *Olimpia*, he is not only your
‘ Lover, but Slave ; yet over part of
‘ the World an Absolute Sovereign :
‘ All this is truth ; but ’tis a Truth of
‘ such a consequence, that I must lay
‘ upon you wonderful Injunctions e’re
‘ I venture to unravel it, your faithful
‘ Breast must lock this Secret up as
‘ safe as if my Life depended upon dis-
‘ closing it ; or if there is any thing
‘ you

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‘you hold dearer, by *that* I conjure
 ‘you, let not your own Father know
 ‘the least Circumstance of this Dis-
 ‘covery ; and if you dare trust me
 ‘wholly with the Management of
 ‘your Fortune, which ’twould break
 ‘my Heart to doubt ; in earnest you
 ‘shall suddenly appear the most glo-
 ‘rious, as well as the most beautiful
 ‘Princess in *Europe*.

So perfectly did *Melora* confide in
Olimpia, that she made no scruple to
 rely upon her Conduct, and promis’d
 even with Imprecations, a most sin-
 cere and exact Secrecy, to whatsoever
 she would relate.

Olimpia gave order not to be dis-
 turb’d, and began thus : ‘You must
 ‘arm your self with Patience to hear
 ‘a Story, that will be of a long conti-
 ‘nuance before it points at *you*. *Me-*
 ‘*lora*, by a graceful bow, and conti-
 ‘nuing silent, let *Olimpia* know her
 ‘Expectation, and Attention ; when
 ‘that cruel Princess, seeming a while
 ‘to recollect her self, dress’d up a true
 ‘Story in the following words. *The*

*The History of Alphonfus and
Cordelia.*

Otho Duke of *Ferrara* and *Modena* had an only Son nam'd *Alphonfus*, who was above what I am able to describe; all the World acknowledging him accomplish'd to the highest Degree. His Father was yet lusty, and stirring in State-affairs, which gave *Alphonfus* liberty to follow many youthful Adventures.

Amongst the rest, he propos'd to a Favourite of his, call'd *Don Castro* (the beginning of a glorious Summer) taking a Ramble in the adjacent Countries under borrow'd Names: the Prince was very young and very brisk, when this was mention'd, and his Companion being suitable for years and Temper, they soon agreed, and put their Design into Action. *Alphonfus* calling himself *Don Pedro*; and *Castro*, *Philippo*. The morning they began their Frolick,

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lick, *Alphonfus* left a Letter upon his Table for his Father, the Contents of which, only wished him long life, health, and happiness, begging his Pardon for a youthful Excursion; which should tend neither to his own, nor any persons prejudice, &c.

The Court was at first mightily alarm'd; but *Otho* recollecting the Humors of his own Youth, was at length content to hope this was only an innocent Folly.

These noble Rovers had past some weeks, and were got a great distance from *Ferrara*, before any extraordinary Occurrence happen'd to them. They had visited some Cities; but were now retir'd into the Country, where *Don Pedro* (for by that Name you must understand the Prince) began to complain to his Friend of the dulness of their Ramble, and inveigh against the fair Sex, for their Civility in sparing them their Hearts and Liberty. 'It was such melancholy
'Reflections

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Reflections as these, reply'd *Philippo*,
caus'd me, at break of day, to fetch
a pensive Walk some distance from
hence, where I met with a small
Intrigue that gave me a proportion-
able Diversion. 'Oh Churl, cry'd
out *Don Pedro*, how could you con-
ceal it one moment; Be not so im-
patient, answers the other; for I
think it scarce worth your hearing:
however thus it was, I enter'd a
large Forest, and after I had
walk'd some time, listning only to
the Harmony of the Birds, and
viewing the Verdure of those plea-
sant Shades, I saw through the
Trees, walking a swift pace, a Ca-
valier well dress'd. After I had
a while observ'd him, I fancy'd by
his haste, and the time of the day,
he was upon some private Design;
therefore not to interrupt him, I
left the path that led me after him,
and wandred into another. But
Fortune resolv'd that should not be
my last interview; for in a quarter of
'an

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' an hour's space, I was come to a
 ' high Wall where I perceiv'd my
 ' Spark some yards from me, waiting
 ' in a disconsolate posture, and seem-
 ' ing to expect something from
 ' thence. I found he had not dis-
 ' cover'd me; and my curiosity was
 ' such, I could not forbear observing
 ' the Event. To that end I conceal'd
 ' my self behind a Shrub, where I
 ' could with ease view what pass'd.
 ' The Gentleman began to grow ye-
 ' ry impatient, as I perceiv'd by his
 ' Gestures: sometimes he whistled,
 ' which I guess'd to be the sign; then
 ' walk'd with a perturbed pace. At
 ' length, quite tyr'd, he cry'd out:
 ' Perfidious Creature! false as thou
 ' art foolish! to squander away thy
 ' Patrimony only to satisfy thy curst
 ' curiosity! After he had rav'd thus,
 ' and vex'd himself above an hour:
 ' away he walks, still cursing his un-
 ' auspicious Stars, and those greater
 ' Plagues, deceitful Women. I laugh-
 ' ed, and hug'd my self, for being
 ' free

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free from all the Snares of that insinuating Sex. Entertain'd with these pleasing Thoughts I hasten'd homewards; but ere I was got half way, a Fancy seiz'd my Noddle to return back, and visit the afore-mention'd Wall again, making such a sign as I had already heard. The Whim pleas'd me; and methought I was assur'd, I should finish the Adventure which this too hasty Gallant had left. Accordingly I turn'd my steps, and having reach'd the place, I had no sooner whistl'd, but my expectation was answer'd; for over the Wall came a Key ty'd to this Billet, which he gave to the Prince who read these words.

The LETTER.

THE sight this Key procures you,
I doubt not, will amply recompense your Bounty and long Waiting;
come before day, and creep close along
the thick Arbours; if through any sinister

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ster accident, you should be discovered: rather say, you scal'd the Walls, or dropt from the Clouds, than own a Correspondency with

Your humble Servant

Lusetta.

There was a Postscript to this effect :

I Suppose you have been so long viewing the Wall, that I need not inform you the little door, whercof this is the Key, is on the West side.

‘ Well, said *Don Pedro* smiling, and
‘ what Advantage do you intend to
‘ reap by this pretty Mistake? ‘ Truly,
‘ ly, answer’d *Philippo*, I heartily
‘ wish the Gentleman, it belongs to
‘ had it; for I have no mind to hazard
‘ zard my Life in our Italian Famine
‘ lies to see novelSights. ‘ Nay, if you
‘ are so indifferent, reply’d the Prince

yo

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‘you shall quit your Right in this
‘Adventure to me; for I am confi-
‘dent there is a fair Lady in the Case,
‘and am resolv’d, if you desist, to
‘see her.

In vain *Philip* us’d a thousand
Arguments, and talk’d till the Prince
commanded his silence. He was
obstinate, nor could a fond Bride-
groom long more for the night’s ap-
proach, than this rash Noble Youth
did for the morning. As soon as
ever the first streaks of day appear’d,
he begins his Walk. Poor *Philip*-
po parts with much reluctance and
fear, resolving to follow him, and
watch thereabouts, till his Return.
Don Pedro carefully observ’d the Di-
rections he had forc’d from his
Friend, whom he would not suffer
to go with him; his Fate seeming
to whisper the Prize he was to gain,
would admit no Sharers. When he
had found the place, he softly un-
locks the door, which he perceiv’d
was left unbar’d on purpose, and en-
ters

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ters a lovely place, beholding both to Art and Nature for its beauty. He takes the first close Walk, which brought him to the pleafantest Grotto, your Fancy can poffibly represent. It was exactly four fquare; and in every corner the knots of Trees were thick, mingling their Boughs over delicate Marble Seats, whose backs were painted with feveral Hiftories. Long Walks, with leavy Screens, that fhut out the Sun's fierce Beams, conducted you from every of thefe delightful Seats to the other. In the midft was a large fpace adorn'd with a curious Fountain; that which made this Fountain fo admirable, was the Statue of *Venus*: at the head of it there was the Goddefs figur'd in Marble, with *Adonis* flain at her Feet, whilft from her Eyes fstreams inceffantly ran down, bath'd the lov'd Youth, and feem'd to fill the vaft Ciftern underneath, which with an agreeable murmur ftill receiv'd them. Beyond all this was an exquisite

site Garden enamel'd with choicest
Flowers and Fruits.

The Prince had entertain'd himself
a considerable time in this Charming
place, and began to fear the Sight
the Letter promis'd, was only these
Rarities; though, to comfort him,
he could at a great distance espy a
fair well built House; and hop'd a
fairer issue from it. Nor was he
disappointed; for e're he had waited
much longer, he through the Trees,
discovers a Woman bringing four
crimson Velvet Cushions, which she
lays, two upon the ground, and two
upon one of the Marble Seats. After
she was gone, our Hero seeks out a
place, as near this Arbour as he could
that would conceal him. There was
no possibility of looking into it, with-
out being seen; so that he is forc'd
to go behind, and be a Hearer only
of what the Persons would say, that
were to possess those Seats.

He had scarce time to fix himself
before he heard the rustling of Silks,
C and

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and sweet small Voices : which made him conclude his Neighbours, Ladies. After general Discourses, not material, one of them said : ‘ I cannot but wonder, my charming Cousin, that the wise *Sulpitia* should take delight to bury so much Beauty as yours in obscurity, and confine your Youth to these melancholy Shades ; when but appearing at Court with you, would soon raise your ancient Noble Family to its pristine Splendour. For I am convinc’d no Prince, of what Rank soever, could look upon so lovely a Creature, without laying his Heart and Crown at her Feet. ‘ Fy, Cousin, said the other, with a charming Voice, I must needs chide you for your flattery, and condemn your blaming my Mother’s conduct. You are sensible, the riotous living of some of my Ancestors has so impaired our Fortunes, that this Seat and a small Revenue, is all remains. ‘ In this deprav’d Age, without Gold, ‘ what

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' what can I expect by this little stock
' of Beauty, which you talk so much
' of but vicious Adorers? Would
' you have my Mother then expose
' me to Courts? The thought shocks
' my Virgin Soul, and makes me
' start when no danger's near. Oh!
' rather, let *Cordelia's* Name pass ob-
' scurely to the Grave, forgotten,
' than be remembred, and Dishonour
' affix'd to it.

A noble Resolution, thought our
Listener, who now long'd to see her
Face. Some time after, they rose
to walk, the Prince then crept near
as possible, and putting the leaves a-
side, beheld the brightest Beauty
upon Earth. He stood immoveable,
and if the Ladies had look'd that
way, with half his Attention, they
must have discover'd him. *Cordelia*
was dress'd in a Gown of green Da-
mask; the Sleeves were becomingly
tucked up to her Shoulders; and trim'd
round with white and red Knots,
like Roses. Her shining Hair, in
C 2 careles

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careless Curls, partly cover'd her lovely Neck; the rest exactly puff'd: adorn'd with many pretty Ribbons, and some Jewels.

'I have describ'd her Garb (said *Olimpia* smiling, and pointing to a large Looking-glass that hung in the Closet) but you must look in yonder Mirrour to see her Person. *Melora* blush'd, and *Olimpia* went on. The Prince, at this moment, banish'd from his Breast the Idea of all the Court-Beauties he had ever seen, and gaz'd on this Master-piece of Nature so long, till he had imprint-ed *Cordelia's* Image too deep for time ever to deface. Whilst the Ladies, far from guessing at an Observer, finish'd their Walk, and went in, leaving *Alphonsus* like one who had seen a Vision, all surpriz'd. When he began to think, he summons his rambling Humour to his aid, and the improbability of obtaining his desires. This, and much more, he thought, but all in vain; her Shape,
her

Or Innocence Betray'd. 29

her Mien, her charming Face; then her noble Mind surpassing all, secured him her Slave for ever. He resolv'd a thousand Projects in his working Brain, which way to obtain access to her. Sometimes he tormented himself, because he had not spoke to her when she was there; now pleas'd with the hopes she would return. In these restless Cogitations he spent most part of the day. As the Evening began to approach, *Don Castro* who had often visited the outside of the Wall, was in a great Consternation; he fear'd some mischief had befalln the Prince; and knew not what Method to take to be satisfy'd. At last not being able to remain longer in suspense of his safety, he went boldly to the Front of the House, and knock'd at the Gate: the Porter came, and when he had open'd it, says *Don Castro*; 'Pray, Friend, what is become of a Gentleman that came this morning into your Garden? If your

30 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

‘ have done mischief to him, all your
 ‘ Lives, even to the highest of your
 ‘ Family, must answer it.

The Fellow all amaz’d, cry’d out ;
 ‘ I suppose, Sir, you are either mad,
 ‘ or have mistook the House ; for we
 ‘ have no Gentlemen ever come with-
 ‘ in these Walls, since my Honour’d
 ‘ Lord is gone to Heaven (at the
 ‘ mention of whom, the Lowt began
 ‘ to make a Face, as though Tears
 ‘ would follow). *Don Castro*, whose
 ‘ Fears were augmented by this Fel-
 ‘ low’s, as he thought, pretended ig-
 ‘ norance : charged him in a furious
 ‘ Tone, to be his Conductor to his
 ‘ Friend, or he would send him to a
 ‘ place just contrary to that he said
 ‘ his Master was in. At this Noise
 ‘ the other Servants came about
 ‘ them. One discreeter than the rest,
 ‘ ran and acquainted *Sulpitia* with this
 ‘ strange story. *Sulpitia*, whose Daugh-
 ‘ ter was the dearest Jewel she had
 ‘ on Earth, hearkned to it with an
 ‘ emotion of Spirit, and desir’d the
 ‘ Gentle-

‘ Gentleman might be brought to
‘ her. When *Castro* came, he told
‘ the whole matter, just as I have be-
‘ fore related, as much as possible,
‘ excusing the Curiosity of his youth-
‘ ful Friend. *Lusetta* was instantly
‘ call’d, who when she had heard
‘ her Accusation, trembling confess’d,
‘ That she was seduc’d by a Kinswo-
‘ man for a Summ of Money, to let one
‘ *Don Ferado* see the beautiful *Cor-*
‘ *delia*: *Sulpitia* only bid her retire,
‘ deferring her punishment to another
‘ time, and hastened into the Gar-
‘ den.

Now whilst this had been acting
in the House, the Ladies who were
gone to take their evening Walk,
were not free from their surprize;
for *Alphonfus* seeing them return, re-
solv’d to appear and say, what his
fierce Love should dictate. Accord-
ingly he walk’d towards them, *Cor-*
delia lifting up her Eyes at the noise
he made in walking, and seeing so
brave a Cavalier in that prohibited

32 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

place, shriek'd aloud, and would have fled : but he putting one Knee to the Ground, took hold of her Garment, viewing her with a piercing Air : 'Divinest Creature, said he, 'Heaven e're made, or Man e're 'worshipp'd ! Fly not ; your Guardian Angel as soon will hurt you as 'your kneeling Slave. Fate, prodigious Fate, brought me hither, and 'now a greater Power tyes me at 'your Feet for ever.

As he would have proceeded, they heard people talking, and *Cordelia* saw *Sulpitia* just by her : 'Oh Heavens, cry'd that lovely Maid, my 'Mother will think me culpable, and 'that with consent I have entertained Discourse with this Intruder. *Alphonsus* rose astonish'd to see his Friend there, and turning his Eyes with anger upon him, was about to speak, when *Sulpitia* interrupted him, in saying : 'Whatever your 'Designs were, this Gentleman '(pointing to *Castro*) hath told such

Or Innocence Betray'd. 33

' a plausible story, that I am content
' to dismiss you without farther Ex-
' amination, provided you instantly
' retire, and trouble our Repose no
' more.

' Though you were a Goddess, an-
' swer'd *Alphonsus*, as being Mother
' to this Lady, I esteem you little
' less (bowing to *Cordelia*) I would
' not stir till this bright Fair com-
' manded; let her but speak; let her
' but say my Presence is an Offence,
' and I'll fly fast as I would do, if Ho-
' nour call'd; swift, as Cowards fly,
' when Death pursues, else I am root-
' ed here. *Cordelia* blush'd; but the
curious might perceive it was not
with anger. Her Mother bid her
command him thence, and she obey-
ed; yet not quite so readily as was
expected. He respectfully took his
leave, told *Cordelia*, with his Eyes
that he had left his Heart; turn'd
back, and seem'd to wish she would
use it kindly.

' Oh, *Castro*, said the Prince, when
C 5 ' they

34 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

‘they were disengag’d, and walking
 ‘homewards, Thou hast undone me.
 ‘Thy officious Love hath prov’d my
 ‘ruine; rob’d me of the only happy
 ‘moments my life will ever know :
 ‘now I must wander o’re the World
 ‘the veriest Wretch that eye of time
 ‘e’er saw, whilst this bright Image I
 ‘have thus transitorily view’d,
 ‘wracks my captivated Heart, and
 ‘takes repose for ever from my
 ‘Soul.

‘I hope, says *Castro*, this Roman-
 ‘tick speech is only to show your
 ‘Highness’s Parts, and amuse me;
 ‘for certainly no Idea, how beautiful
 ‘soever, can ruffle the calmness of
 ‘your Royal Temper. ‘Dull Crea-
 ‘ture, reply’d the Prince, couldst
 ‘thou behold the Miracle, and after
 ‘that remain so stupid, to believe I
 ‘am in Jest? No, I swear it is unal-
 ‘terably fix’d by Fate. I must neg-
 ‘lect Interest, Ambition, Glory, and
 ‘all the noisy Pomp the World af-
 ‘fords, since now the study and busi-
 ‘ness

'ness of my life is only to obtain the
'ador'd *Cordelia*. *Castro* seeing him
in this Rapture, thought 'twas to no
purpose to interrupt him; and desi-
red to hear the story of the day, which
the Prince related, and concluding
with new Protestations of his endless
Love, they went to their Lodgings.
But no Rest had the amorous *Alphon-
sus*, plainly telling his Friend, if he
did not contrive some means, that he
might see her again, he must expect
to see him dead. *Castro* at last began
to believe it; for he scarce eat or slept,
nor ever seem'd pleas'd, but when
he was talking of *Cordelia*. In vain
did his faithful Servant remonstrate
the necessity of returning to Court:
nay, he could not mention it without
putting the Prince in a passion;
who solemnly vow'd he would never
see *that*, or his Father more, till he
had again blest his longing Eyes with
the sight of the beloved charming
Cordelia. When *Castro* saw all Argu-
ments, all Endeavour's to reduce his
Reason,

36 *The Inhumane Cardinal*

Reason, fruitless : he thought the only Expedient must be, to procure this much desir'd Happiness ; and in order to it, made inquiry very strictly about the Village, what Persons resorted to *Sulpitia's* House. But could hear of none, except a Fryar who was a constant Guest there. He then examin'd into the Temper of that Holy man ; heard it was jolly, free from care ; that he liv'd the life of Sense himself, how severe soever his Doctrine was ; though before *Sulpitia* he carry'd himself with a becoming Gravity.

This Man *Castro* resolves to get acquainted with ; and understood the way was easie, only two or three good Treats, and he was yours for ever : he soon effects his first design ; grows wondrous intimate with the Fryar, his only Favourite ; and taking his opportunity, cunningly interweaves his Discourse with many particular Questions : amongst the rest, becoming inquisitive about *Sulpitia's*

pitia's Family, asking what her Resolutions were, concerning her beautiful Daughter the fair *Cordelia*; At which the Fryar blest himself, wondering how he had so much as learnt that Lady's name; in such secure Retirement her Mother kept her; nay even he, whose Tongue sometimes run of all things, seldom mention'd them. However this was too dear a Friend to be deny'd any satisfaction his Knowledge would afford; and he immediately, at large, acquaints *Castro*, how nicely vertuous; and withal, how high *Sulpitia's* Temper was; that she rather chose to keep the unimitable Maid immur'd in the most secret privacy, than marry her below her Birth, though equal to her scanty Fortunes. Next that, she carefully avoided Courts and publick Places, fearing the censorious World, which always fixes its fascinating Eyes on the most lovely Faces.

This Information *Castro* communicates to the Prince; yet both their industry

38 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*
industry could imagine no advantage
by it. At these difficulties *Alphon-*
sus abandons himself to Despair;
threatens to be rid of life, since no
fairer Prospect was in view to ease
his Heart of Love's tormenting Fires.
The young compassionate Lord, di-
stracted with his Master's griefs,
propos'd the Fryar's making the mo-
tion of a Marriage, under the bor-
row'd Name of *Don Pedro*. But the
Heroick Prince declin'd that Offer;
resolving first to endeavour the inga-
ging *Cordelia's* Heart, and not force
the gentle Maid to Bonds, she might
think uneasy. He told *Castro* he
discover'd small incouragement from
his Acquaintance with the Fryar;
unless his Interest could prevail so
far, as to ingage the sociable Gown-
man to introduce him in some Dis-
guise into the Family: then he might
hope to sound *Cordelia's* Inclinations,
and also tell his own, in Terms mo-
ving enough to touch her. *Castro*
promis'd to undertake it, though he
fear'd

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fear'd the Task would prove hard to accomplish. In order to this Design, he desires privacy with that Fryar, and in the first place genteely forces a considerable Summ of Gold upon him, beginning his Discourse with the Merit, Riches, and an invented Title of Quality for his Friend; adding his desperate Condition assures him, unless he inclines to pity, and assist, Death must certainly be the Catastrophe of his Misery. The Fryar consider'd all these Reasons, and chiefly the Present; yet shrug'd, and said, 'Twas difficult, 'twas dangerously difficult, desiring time for his Answer; which *Castro* allow'd.

When they met next, the Priest tells him, there was but one possibility of obtaining the Freedom of the House, and that did neither agree with the good Man's Conscience, nor was consistent with his Friend's safety. *Castro* starts at this; however was eager to know the dangerous Contrivance. You must understand

40 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

stand then (the obliging Fryar goes on) I have often mention'd, at *Sulpitia's*, that I expected a Relation of the Dominican Order very suddenly. Now if *Don Pedro* could personate him, which is Death by the Law, if discover'd, he may have admittance with me as often as I please; and I think it is impossible, they, having had so short an Interview, as you speak of, can ever remember him in the disguise of a Hood. *Castro* agreed to that; but could give no further Answer, till he had acquainted the Prince, who seems to swallow his words, and with swiftest haste returns with him to the Fryar: gives the Priest more Gold to mollifie his Scruple of Conscience: and instantly prepares for his Disguise.

'In my Opinion (said *Melora*, interrupting *Olimpia*) a religious Habit is both unhandfom and unfit to carry on an amorous Intrigue. 'It is so, my pious Maid (answers that Dissembler) and, for ought I know, 'the

Or Innocence Betray'd. 41

' the many Troubles that are inflict-
' ed on their Posterity, may be pu-
' nishments for this first mockery of
' the Divinity.

However the Design succeeded to
their Wish; for *Don Pedro* was with
the Fryar, receiv'd free from all su-
spicion, and enjoy'd often the agree-
able Conversation of the amiable
Cordelia. Their Discourse was of
various Subjects; he never having
had opportunity to speak to her a-
lone. All Occasions he watches, which
may in the least advance his desires:
and Love being mention'd by chance,
our disguis'd Prince falls into a Rap-
ture, calling it, if a vertuous Flame,
the highest Perfection humane Na-
ture is capable of; a resemblance of
Heaven; adding a thousand Fineries
on that delightful Theme.

' You always speak with much
' Rhetorick (says the fair *Cordelia*
' smiling) but on this Subject seem
' inspir'd, and I should guess, did not
' your Habit contradict it, Love has
' been

42 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

‘been no Stranger to your Heart;
 ‘tis so familiar on your Tongue.
 He only fetch’d a deep sigh, and
 stole an amorous Glance towards
 her; which she not observing, went
 on. ‘Pray, since you understand this
 ‘passion so well, oblige me with a
 ‘description of it; tell me in what
 ‘manner people are, when possess’d
 ‘with the Frenzy: for the grave
 ‘and wise give it no better Title.

‘The Task you enjoyn (Madam)
 ‘said the Prince, is none of the easi-
 ‘est; for divers ineffectually, tho’
 ‘they felt its Torments, have essay-
 ‘ed. I have the greatest Reason then
 ‘to fear falling amongst that num-
 ‘ber, being the most incompetent.
 ‘However I will venture, rather
 ‘than disobey your Commands.

‘It is an Inclination, which being
 ‘thoroughly fix’d in the Heart, gets
 ‘predominant over all others. ‘Tis
 ‘the whole Employment of our
 ‘Thoughts; for the passionate Lover
 ‘has not one intervening moment;
 ‘his

Or Innocence Betray'd. 43

rt ; ' his breast is for ever fill'd with the
ue. ' beloved Idea. If they are afunder, a
nd ' violent desire is join'd to this Inclination
rds ' to be with the charming Object. These eager Wishes render
ent ' nights and days insupportable. If
his ' they are together, a trembling Fear,
h a ' lest any word or action should displease
hat ' is ever present. Then too often
s'd ' Jealousie steps in. Thus absent
ave ' or present, still in fears. Such uneasiness
m) ' attends the most happy Lovers.
asi- ' But what Wrecks, what Tortures
tho' ' unexpressible seize the Wretch who
say- ' loves, and yet despairs ! Who doats,
hen ' yet has no room for hope. *Cordelia*
um- ' sigh'd, and cry'd, ' Alas ! that's sad
ent. ' indeed.

ther ' Why, Madam, said the Prince,
eing ' hastily ; I hope such Misery hath no
gets ' relation to your softer hours ; ' Not
'Tis ' much, she answer'd, with a Blush
our ' that increas'd our Lover's fears to
over ' distraction. He was eager to pursue
ent ; ' the Discourse, though it might
' his ' discover what he most dreaded ; but
she

44 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

she prevented him, by going to the Company.

His Resentment and Grief was too great not to be perceiv'd ; therefore he took his leave somewhat abruptly ; and when he had shifted his Disguise (which he always did at the Fryar's) he hastens to his dear Confident *Castro*, immediately tells him his Misfortune, how *Cordelia* was prepossess'd, had given that inestimable Jewel her Heart to a Rival, a Rival belov'd : there was the wound ! This obliging Friend said all that might assuage his Sorrows ; yet nothing could allay them : he pass'd that night in terrible Inquietudes, goes the next day, without resolving any thing, to *Sulpitia's* : his inward vexations had made a visible alteration in his Countenance, and he appear'd with an Air of melancholy disorder. *Cordelia*, who was allowed but little Conversation, finding the Prince very ingenious, took great delight in it. She immediately ob-

serv'd

Or Innocence Betray'd. 45

serv'd this alteration, and ask'd him the occasion. ' Herein, Madam, said he with a Sigh, forgive the forfeiture of my devoir, and permit me to disobey you. ' I will, reply'd *Cordelia* pleasantly, provided you quickly reassume your good Humour, and thereby give me cause to think, that this fit of Dulness proceeds from some slight Affliction of small moment. ' Of far less moment is my Life, return'd the Prince passionately, observing none near them, nor, if my fears be true, can Time obliterate these Sentiments of woe, though it were possible that I were forc'd to live ten Thousand years. Since nothing can mitigate your sorrows, reply'd that Charmer, the best Wish your Friends can make is, your fears may prove false. *Alphon-*
sus had neither courage nor opportunity to say more; for the Fryar and *Aminda* came up to them. *Aminda* was of a facetious humour; *Cordelia's* Relation left to *Sulpitia's* care; The same

46 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

same Lady that was in the Garden, when the Prince first saw the lovely Idol of his fond Desires. *Aminda* briskly challenges the Fryar, and bid him maintain his Opinion, if he could. 'What novel Dispute is it, for Heaven's sake, cries *Cordelia*, you two are ingag'd in? 'I aver, answers her Cousin, that no where but in Romances, Persons fall in Love at the first sight; and only Conversation and a long Acquaintance can produce a violent Affection. 'I grant you, replies the Fryar, that Love increases, and grows to a height by continual Conversation; but still I say, a beautiful Idea seen once, may make an impression either in Man or Woman, sufficient to take away their Repose. 'Ay, take their Hearts away also, to my knowledge, said the Prince earnestly. The Ladies both laughed at that; and *Cordelia* told *Aminda*, she must now acquiesce, since the Gentleman declar'd against her Argument,

ment, upon his own knowledge.

The Fryar hastened the Prince to take his leave, seeming impatient to talk with him. When they were walking homewards, his Introducer told him, that the time he had limited for his Kinsman's stay, was almost expir'd; and ask'd what progress he had made with this desir'd Freedom, which his Industry had procur'd? 'Alas! said the Prince sighing, Love hath made a far greater progress in my Heart, than I in my Designs. Adding his Reasons, to believe *Cordelia* was already in Love with another, which was a Thought oppress'd him more than he could express. 'I believe you are mistaken, reply'd the Fryar; 'for I have this day heard from *A-minda* the whole story of the Garden-Rencounter. She tells me her beautiful Cousin hath often sigh'd since, and mention'd the Cavalier, she there saw, with advantageous commendations. This Discourse occasion'd

48 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

tion'd the beginning of that Dispute you heard part of, of loving at first sight.

No News ever surpriz'd, and pleas'd *Alphonfus* like this. Kind hope, which, like its contrary, despair, is a Lover's attendant; began now to give him great assurances. He embrac'd, caress'd, and bounteously rewards the Fryar; then flies to communicate his Joyes to his Friend. When *Castro* had heard him out, and discover'd there would be no great obstructions to a Marriage: he began to consider the weight of the Concern, and take the freedom his friendship allow'd to tell the Prince, that though, when he saw him so passionate, that his life seem'd to be at stake, he had foolishly enough talk'd of a Marriage; yet now, in cooler thoughts, reflecting upon *Otho's* Temper, who was ambitious beyond measure: it must needs involve him in endless troubles. Besides, his long absence from Court would

would give nourishment to such Factions, whose growth might entangle him, past his best skill to disengage himself. But *Alphonsus's* heart was too deeply prepossess'd by Love, for such saving Counsel to enter; and if the loss of one must be ventured, the Dukedom would be in danger of running the hazard before *Cordelia*. However to sooth his Favourite, he alledged some State-Reasons for his absence, minding him of his Father's jealous Nature, who abhorr'd his Subjects should make their Court to his Son, whilst himself was so well able to wield the Reins of Government.

' This you know (went the Prince
' (on) broke the heart of my elder Bro-
' ther, whose Actions still our Royal
' Parent frown'd on, because the peo-
' ple admir'd them too much. Then
' it follows; whilst I am absent from
' *Otho*, I am nearer in his Affection;
' Therefore, dear Friend, says the
' Prince, embracing him tenderly,

D

' assist

50 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

‘assist me to obtain my Mistress;
‘and I will return time enough to my
‘Father. Princes easily perswade,
though their Reasons are weak; be-
cause all are willing to oblige them.

He found it hard to speak alone
with *Cordelia*, so that he resolves to
write, and get the Fryar to deliver
it. The way was easie to purchase
his consent; Gold and noble Enter-
tainments did all things with him.
After a thousand alterations, *Alphon-
sus*, under the borrow’d Name of
Pedro, sent these words.

To the Charming Cordelia.

O Love! plead my Cause, and tell
the Charming cruel Fair, she must
forgive the Effects of the most violent
Passion Mortal ever felt! If I have took
a Disguise, which becomes me not, ado-
r’d *Cordelia*, impute it to Love’s
boundless force; and wonder only at the
Influence of your Eyes; that with their
first Glances, could wound so sure, as to fix
me

Or Innocence Betray'd. 51

me your Slave for ever. The same person who beheld you in the Garden, longed to gaze nearer at that resplendent Light; and now, like the Moth, my liberty is lost, to fly. Since then my lovely Captivator, you have laid me in such fast Fetters, make them easie with your Smiles; lest your Rigour destroy one, who only lives to approve himself the

Faithfullest of

your Servants,

Pedro.

The Fryar takes charge of it; and as soon as he comes to *Sulpitia*: *Cordelia* ask'd him, if his Kinsman was return'd to the Monastery? He answer'd her only with a sign to speak with her unobserv'd: she understanding what he meant, goes to a bay Window, and beckon'd to him to follow her, examining what he had to say. That Kinsman is not the

52 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

'Person you take him for, nor in-
 ' deed any Kin to me, begins the
 ' Fryar, though in you he reposes a
 ' mighty Trust, when he ventures
 ' his Life in your hands. 'Tis true,
 ' he has prevailed with me, to con-
 ' nive at things which neither ought
 ' to have been done; nor, when
 ' done, reveal'd; as I suppose this
 ' Paper will inform you, giving her
 ' the Letter. She paus'd at first, and
 was about not to receive it, till con-
 sidering her Ghostly Father was the
 Deliverer: she condescended, and
 with an amazing Look retir'd into
 her Closet to peruse it. When she
 came back, she told the Fryar, with
 a compos'd Countenance, he was
 culpable in a high degree, and that
 his guilt transcended the Gentleman's;
 for the severest part of the World
 sometimes winks at youthful Extra-
 vagance: but that *He*, whose busi-
 ness it ought to have been to deterr
 men from folly, should encourage
 them in it, was unpardonable. Then
 she

Or Innocence Betray'd. 53

she urg'd his Infidelity, in so horribly betraying that great Trust her Mother repos'd in him.

When the poor Priest had patiently heard his Charge; for his Excuse he alledged the danger the Cavalier was in, of making some desperate Attempt upon his Life; how assured he was of the Honour of his Intentions, and the sincerity of his Affection. Then he fell to extolling the Nobleness of his Temper, the sweetness of his Nature; not forgetting the greatness of his Estate: and in conclusion, press'd hard for a favourable Answer. But *Cordelia*, whose Wisdom far exceeded her years, would return none; only said, she was content to conceal their Crime, because they had made Love of *Her*, the pretext for it. With this cold Comfort, the Fryar returns to the impatient Prince; who with a Diamond had just wrote this Distich in the Window.

54 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

*How slowly do the tedious minutes
pass,
That drop through expectation's nar-
row glass!*

Our Messenger out of breath with
haste, and heart-broken, his News
was no better, in a sorrowful Tone
delivers his story. But the Prince,
who receiv'd it more contentedly
than the Fryar durst hope for; since
his Mistress neither banish'd him her
sight for ever, nor was inrag'd to
excess, did not wholly despair of
kinder moments. Then in his Arms
he hug'd the dear Procurer of his
Happiness, and told him he long'd
again to view that fair one's Eyes,
now she knew their Power. 'That
'Longing shall soon be satisfy'd, an-
'swers the pleas'd Fryar, consult
'your Pillow what to say, and to-
'morrow we will be sure to attend
'her. When they came the next
day, the young Ladies were both in
the

Or Innocence Betray'd. 55

the Garden, and they, being privileged Persons, went both to them. *Cordelia* blush'd at the sight of the Prince, yet in her heart could scarce harbour wrath, when she saw his Countenance turn pale, and the visible pangs his fears put him into; so that in spite of all his Courage, he had like to have fallen.

There was a silent Meeting; every one being busily entertain'd within. The obliging Fryar call'd *Aminda* aside, to behold the growth of a young Orange-tree they had planted some time before. She observ'd the hint, having understood the story from her Cousin: and knowing that, however she dissembled, she had an inclination to hear him. *Alphonfus* took this opportunity to cast himself at her feet, and tell her with what a zeal he worshipp'd her; that she was the perpetual Image of his thoughts, the Object of his dearest Wishes, the Center of all his earthly Happiness. Whilst he spoke, Love

56 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

trembl'd in his Eyes, and falter'd on his Tongue, giving greater power to his broken Language, than choicest Eloquence. *Cordelia* forc'd him to rise; then told him he had already been an Impostor, and that in the most serious matter in the World; therefore he must give her leave to doubt him long; and also be very cautious of ingaging in an Amour, which she could hardly ever think would be fortunate: it being begun with prophaning a Habit that ought only to be wore by sacred Persons. Besides, she added, she gave up her Will and Actions in a perfect resignation to her Mother, and without her approbation should never proceed in so weighty a matter, having no other Friend she durst rely upon.

In his Excuse for his Habit, he said; he hop'd the purity of his Affection, which came near to Religion, would in some measure extenuate his Crime; and for her Mother's content, Heaven had so largely endow'd

dow'd him with the Goods of Fortune, he had great reason not to despair of it: But her Love was what he beg'd to obtain, since without that, even injoying the World or Beauty she possess'd, would prove unsatisfactory; and though no thoughts were so terrible, as those which represented living without her; yet he would sooner undergo that exquisite Torment, than endeavour to procure *Sulpitia's* consent without first knowing, whether her gentle Breast was compassionate enough to receive sentiments of Kindness for him.

Cordelia gave him a Look, which severely check'd him, for prying so narrowly into her secret Thoughts and told him, she had already impair'd her Duty in listening to such stories from a Stranger; nor could she, under much time, digest this odd beginning, if ever persuad her self to proceed further. At the end of these words she went to

58 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

Company, not giving *Alphonfus* time to answer. All the day after, the Prince could not perceive one favourable Regard, which terrify'd him to a high degree; and returning to *Castro*, he unloads his Bosome with Complaint. Tells him how cold that Sun of Beauty shone upon his hopes, and such Romantick stuff, as Lovers talk. *Castro*, the raising of whose Fortunes depended upon the favour of his Prince, seeing he was too positively bent to be perswaded, resolv'd to concur with him, and contrive all means possible for the obtaining his desires. The first Advice in order thereunto (because the Prince would not discover himself even to *Cordelia*; so fearful was he, lest his Greatness should tempt her, without Love, to be his Wife) was the buying an Estate some miles distant, to satisfy the Mother. This *Alphonfus* approv'd of; and he also thought it convenient the Fryar should go alone, to give *Cordelia* opportunity

portunity to examine him, whilst his Instructions were often repeated to him, That he should say *Don Pedro* (as the Prince call'd himself) was of a noble Family in *Ferrara*; had an honourable Place in the Duke's Court, and came into that Country to view an Estate he had lately purchas'd. All this for much lov'd Gold, the Fryar went and affirm'd with the greatest confidence imaginable. *Cordelia* listen'd to it with much attention, and, blushing, said, the Stranger had the Aspect of a Gentleman, and must make his Address like one, if his Desires were so violent as he express'd: that being the only way to obtain them. Great were the Assurances the Fryar gave *Alphonsus*, at his Return, of the good Inclinations *Cordelia* had for him.

But 'twas impossible at present the Prince should follow her Advice, in appearing undisguis'd at *Salpitia's*, both for want of Money to purchase an Estate, as also his returning to Court,

60 *The Inhumane Cardinal*

Court, which was now grown absolutely necessary. Therefore he resolves to leave *Castro* with Commission to inquire out an Estate; visit *Cordelia* once more, then haste to *Ferrara*. When *Cordelia* saw him come again in Priest's habit, notwithstanding the item she had sent him, she turn'd pale, and fear'd he had deceiv'd her. He guess'd the cause why her countenance chang'd, and blush'd, which augmented her Jealousie. The Fryar observ'd their disorder, and quickly set all right again, by taking *Sulpitia* away to consult of business, whilst *Alphonsus* told *Cordelia*, such pressing occasions call'd him to Court, that he could not possibly evade, without hazarding his utter ruine. He express'd this, and the inviolable Affection he had for her, with so becoming a tenderness, that he obtain'd from the charming Maid many words and looks of kindness; and as an instance of it, she promis'd to repair early to a Lodge
over

Or Innocence Betray'd. 61

over the Gate, that she might see him pass Mounted, *en Cavalier*. He said, the longest time of his stay should not exceed a Month. Obligingly she gave her lovely hand, to preserve him in her Memory, which he having ardently kiss'd, took his leave. The next Morning he appear'd, attended by *Castro*, before the Lodge; and *Cordelia* at a little Window; a place prohibited her; though now by some contrivance, she had stolen to it.

The Prince look'd extreamly graceful; being a Man of an extraordinary make. He sent up whole Volleys of Sighs to his fair Spectator; who in pitty return'd many; and kindly resolving to bestow a mark of her Favour; took a blue Ribbon from her Waist, that Colour being the Emblem of Constancy; and threw down to him. He passionately kiss'd it; returning his Obeisance with an admirable mien, and fixing his Eyes upon her, full of Love and Tears, he seem'd immoveable; till she, fearing some mishap,

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mishap, first held up her hands to
 Heaven, for his safety : then wav'd
 them in sign she would have him go;
 her self also retiring, forc'd him un-
 willingly to move forward. *Castro*
 accompanied him part of the way,
 and taking all needful Instructions,
 return'd, visited the Friar ; and lea-
 ving what money with him he could
 conveniently spare, gave him a great
 Charge to observe all proceedings at
Sulpitia's : and if any thing happen'd
 prejudicial, to give *Don Pedro* notice
 at *Ferrara*, by directions they had
 contriv'd ; which still kept them con-
 ceal'd. The grateful Friar faithfully
 promis'd his utmost assistance, and
Castro began his Perigrination, to seek
 an Estate that wanted a Purchaser.
 In this time of absence, there happen'd
 a Contrivance at *Sulpitia's*, that was
 very near ruining all their Designs.

Lusetta, whom I mention'd at the
 beginning of the story, being discar-
 ded for her infidelity, repairs to the
 Kinswoman who had set her at
 work,

work, and meets again with *Don Ferrado*; where discoursing of these disappointments, she gives such a lively Description of the Beautiful *Cordelia*, that rekindles his Curiosity. So nothing now will satisfy him, without seeing her. But the means, there was the difficulty. After many irresolutions, *Lusetta* remember'd a humour of *Cordelia's*; how she was always very fond of seeing the Trifles, stragling Women carry about to sell.

In this dress *Don Ferrado* is disguis'd; buys a world of little Pictures, fine Beads, and such Trinkets; goes with them, and hath immediately admittance into the House. The young Ladies, having notice, come about him; he was not a moment to seek, which was *Cordelia*, but so amaz'd at her Beauty, that he stood gazing without power to move. *Cordelia* blush'd to see the Woman, as she took her to be, look so earnestly, and minded her of her Things.

This

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This rous'd the Spark a little from his Contemplation; yet still his Eyes could fix on no other Object. When she had furnish'd her self with the Toys she fancy'd most; he was dismiss'd. He returns in love, to that degree, that he thought of nothing but proposing a Marriage; though it was absolutely inconvenient; his Circumstances requiring a Fortune; having many Sisters to Portion. Yet so amiable, *Cordelia* appear'd; that whatever Consideration interest offer'd, Love turned the Scale; and he follows his desires, with precipitation; employing a Friend the very next day, to sollicit *Sulpitia*; who approves of the matter; gives leave to his Seranades; several of which were perform'd before *Cordelia* knew from whom, or so much as guess'd her Mother was consenting. Till that discreet Lady, thinking it proper to sound her Daughter's inclinations, began to break the design to her. First commands her to follow
into

Or Innocence Betray'd. 65

into the Lodge, and shows her *Don Ferado*, bravely accoutred; prancing upon his great Horse. Words cannot express *Cordelia's* surprize; her Mind was already fill'd with an Idea, too admirable for *Ferado* ever to hope an Entrance; and compar'd to the Prince her partial Heart, being prepossess'd with Love; made him appear beneath her regard; much less esteem. She pretends indisposition; and retires to her Chamber. *Sulpitia* saw her much disturb'd; but was wholly ignorant of the cause.

Corælia instantly acquaints the Friar with this affair; declares her aversion, and desires him to inform *Don Pedro*. The good Man goes about it with speed, and dispatches his Intelligence to *Ferrara*, according to his directions. This information comes to the Prince, just as *Castro* had sent word of an Estate, he had pitch'd upon. The Priest's news heartily tormented *Alphonfus*; however he was infinitely pleas'd, *Corde-*
lia

66 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

lia order'd he should know of it. The careful Friar had writ every circumstance of *Don Ferado's* Fortunes; and the Prince, with reason, look'd upon him, as a formidable Rival; being a Neighbour, which, in all probability would induce *Sulpitia* to embrace his Interest, before the Prince's; who must of necessity be often absent, that is, if he kept his Quality conceal'd; which he could not, without running great hazards, avoid. Therefore he resolves to remove this *Don Ferado*; and to that end gets, by other hands, a Commission for a Regiment of Horse, and sends to him; with Orders, that he should speedily repair to Court. *Ferado* could not imagine what secret Friends had done him this favour; however he was advis'd by all his Acquaintance, to embrace it: they convincing him, how much it would conduce, both to his profit and honour. Great was the Conflict; Interest and Glory were powerful Arguments;

Or Innocence Betray'd. 67

guments ; but eager wishes , and fierce desires all centr'd in *Cordelia*, were more pleasing. These dear tormenting Flames he nourish'd ; but *Cordelia* blasted ; for there he could discover only frowns , disdain , and freezing coldness. All that love him, urge his going ; and flattering hope persuades he may return Crown'd with Lawrel ; at which the Cruel Maid , overcome by Constancy and Courage, may yield to longing love. Such thoughts at length prevail with him ; and he sets forward to the Court of *Ferrara* , just as *Alphonsus* had left it ; who posts away to *Castro* ; takes care for the payment of the Money that was to be given for the Estate ; puts servants into it , with orders to furnish the House neatly, and with riches , suitable to his pretended Quality : though he spar'd Magnificence.

He had made himself very fine, and brought many considerable Presents for *Cordelia* ; and having put all things

68 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

things at his new Mansion, in their design'd Posture; he hastens, with *Castro*, to his Belov'd Mistress. As soon as ever they arriv'd at the Village, the Friar was acquainted with it, who flies with the news to *Corde- lia*; and humbly desires her from her Subject, yea and Slave, *Don Pe- dro*, to prepare *Sulpitia* with a full re- lation of all the foregoing adventure. The young Lady trembl'd at the Task; but Love mann'd her Resolu- tion; and she, on her Knees, relates the story to her Mother. *Sulpitia's* Amazement, when she heard these unexpected Practices, is scarce to be conceiv'd; however being a Woman largely indowed with Wisdom, and Discretion; she perceiv'd her Daugh- ter's Inclination, by her palliating the crime of his disguise, and repre- senting every action favourably of this cunning Lover's. Therefore she consider'd, being ever indulgent to her Daughter, if she should now in- terpose her Authority; she might sooner

Or Innocence Betray'd. 69

neir sooner break her heart, than bend it.
with These thoughts induce her to give
As way to his coming ; setting her self
Vil- to inquire after his Estate ; which
with finding according to his word , and
Cor- being afterwards, by his Conversation,
rom acquainted with his Merit, grew very
Pe- fond of him ; freely giving her con-
l re- sent towards the obtaining his ador'd
ure. *Cordelia*. Whom he, with all love's
the Oratory, pursues ; falls on his Knees,
olu- embraces hers, weeps, and talks till
ates he forces a Confession ; till she, blush-
tia's ing , acknowledges her Affection ;
these owns she hath lov'd him from the
o be first moment she saw him. The
man Transported Prince longs for the Con-
and summation of his desires, and presses
ugh- with his utmost Rhetorick a speedy
ting Marriage. Which is at length agreed
pre- to, and perform'd, in *Sulpitia's*
y of Chappel, by the often-mention'd
e she Friar, before *Sulpitia*, *Aminda*, and
at to *Castro*.
y in- None ever appear'd over-joy'd or
ight fond, like this Amorous Prince, his
oner doting

70 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*
doting still increas'd, every time he
saw her, he seem'd captivated anew;
and, as in a well drawn Piece, the
longer we gaze, the more graces we
espy; so her charms to the admiring
Alphonsus were endless; yet still his
interest bound him to keep his Qua-
lity conceal'd being a secret, he durst
not divulge to her. Thus privately
they liv'd and enjoy'd themselves for
two years, the Prince being often
absent, and long; which he always
said was occasion'd by his place at
Court. Just as the first Year of
Wedlock was expir'd, *Cordelia*
Crown'd the ensuing, with the birth
of a Son, to whom the pleas'd Prince
gave his own Name *Alphonsus*. A
continu'd series of uninterrupted
Happiness attended these Ladies for
the preceeding years; *Salpitia* never
parting from her Daughter, and
Castro, following the example of his
Prince, Lov'd, Courted, and married
Aminda; a Lady of a desirable Beauty,
and agreeable Conversation. By the
borrow'd

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borrow'd name of *Phillipo*, he wedded her, and she still continu'd with her much Lov'd Cousin.

But Fortune now grew asham'd of longer confining such Illustrious Persons to so dull a Sphere, as the Country. For *Alphonfus*, coming to the Dukedome, by the death of *Otho*, after the first hurry of his affairs was over; dispatches *Castro* to fetch the beloved *Cordelia*, *Sulpitia*, and his own Wife *Aminda*, to Court. The Faithful Friar, no doubt would have attended them, and been sufficiently advanc'd but unkind Death prevented his preferment; he deceasing, to all their griefs, a little before. *Castro* arrives acquaints *Cordelia* with her Husbands desires, to see her, and *Sulpitia* at *Ferrara*; still concealing, by the Duke's Order, his Quality. The Ladies willingly embrace the offer, and as soon as possible, begin their journey; and in good time concluded it. He brings his fair Travelers to a House, near the Court, where,

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where, at night, the new Duke comes ; leaving the Court privately , and going to them in his usual dress, so that they had not the least umbrage of suspicion.

The only design the Duke had in this , was, the pleasure of surprizing *Cordelia* ; which is thus effected. On the morrow , *Alphonfus* leaves them betimes on pretence of extraordinary business , but he tells them, to make amends for his absence, *Don Phillip*, when they are dress'd, shall have them to Court, and show them the Duke's Palace ; which they are much pleas'd with. They prepare for this fine sight, and *Castro* attends them. Through all those richly furnish'd Apartments, he conducts his wandring spectators ; where they behold the Chairs of state, the Tables , Andirons , Pictures, Frames , Glass-Frames ; all either Gold , or Silver. They admire this Magnificence, and also are astonish'd to see, with what respect , all that pass salute *Castro*. After they had
tir'd

Or Innocence Betray'd. 73

tir'd themselves with viewing various objects of Majestick Glorious Finery, he leads them to a Garden; where in a lovely Banqueting-House, a Breakfast is prepar'd of all manner of varieties, and delicate cool Wines; which, whilst they are entertain'd at, *Cordelia* discourses of the bravery they had seen; and smiling upon *Castro*, said, 'I believe my husband, and you are Courtiers; but I begin to doubt yee for Politicians: for now you have discover'd to your Wife, and me, the gawdy splendor of a Court: suppose we should fall in love with it, and with reluctancy return to our Country habitations. We are prepar'd for that, answers *Castro*; your station, Madam, being to Reign here; nor will *Aminda*, I hope, dislike hers. I know not what you mean says *Cordelia*, with a surpriz'd look. I mean, he replies cunningly turning it; that where e'er Beauty, like yours, appears, it, of necessity, must Reign,
E since

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‘ since all must quit their claims , for
 ‘ sovereignty, when you approach.
 ‘ So, Daughter, cries *Sulpitia* pleasant-
 ‘ ly, you believ’d *Don Philippo* a
 ‘ Courtier, and now I think he hath
 ‘ prov’d himself a great one, by his
 ‘ compliment. When their repast and
 discourse was ended, *Castro* begins a-
 gen to endeavour satisfying their un-
 wearied Curiosity, in showing them
 the delightful Gardens that belong
 to the Palace, which *Italy* can scarce
 equal; though *Italy* is the Garden of
 the World. He tells them, that he
 hath yet a sight which exceeds all
 they have seen; that is the Duke at
 Dinner. This they are wondrous
 desirous of, *Cordelia* grows very in-
 quisitive, what mighty affair detains
 her Husband, grieving much that
 he doth not participate in this Plea-
 sure, and Entertainment. *Castro*
 promis’d to satisfy her in that also,
 in a little time. When Dinner was
 near, he brings them to a Closet,
 where, unobserv’d, through a Win-
 dow,

Or Innocence Betray'd. 75

dow, they might plainly see, all the Ceremony. After they had a while admir'd the melodious Musick, and stately order of the Preparations: the Duke appear'd environ'd with Nobles, so that at first, they could not easily distinguish him.

But when they came to have their full views, each look'd amazedly on the other. At length, saith *Sulpitia*, either we are in one of those enchanted Castles, we read of in Romances, where all seen is Illusion, or *that Person* in the Duke's Chair is really my Son in Law *Don Pedro*. Did not I tell you, Madam, said *Castro*, smiling, and addressing to *Cordelia*, that I would show you your Husband presently? What does he mean, answers that fair one gravely, to dazzle thus ones Eyes, with Pageant-Greatness? Why doth he usurp the place of his Sovereign? It is no Usurpation, nor are you deceiv'd, replies *Castro*, for the same Prince that has prov'd an indulgent Husband under the

E 2 borrow'd

76 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

borrow'd name of *Pedro*, no doubt will continue so; when he owns himself to be *Alphonfus*, Duke of *Ferrara*, and *Modena*. *Cordelia* could not digest this unexpected scene of greatness, without a visible alteration, both in her Countenance, and health; so that *Castro* was forc'd to Conduct her back to her Lodging. *Sulpitia* and *Aminda* accompany'd her. When the surprize was over, and they were all descanting on these proceedings; *Aminda* comes up very seriously to *Don Castro*; pray my dear, said she, what must I call you? for I hope you have follow'd my Lord *Alphonfus's* Example, and are some great person in disguise? This set them all a Laughing; and *Castro* told her she would time enough know his Quality; his greatest happiness being to have so kind a wife as her self, and so good a Master as the Royal *Alphonfus*.

That Afternoon, several rich suits of Cloaths and Cabinets of Diamonds were brought to the young Dutches.

The

Or *Innocence Betray'd.* 77

The next day , she was , with great Pomp, receiv'd at Court, and by *Alphonsus* own'd, lov'd , carress'd beyond measure. That great respect and kindness , the Duke always honour'd *Cordelia* with, taught all the Court to do the same. And this Beautiful Lady was so fram'd, and compos'd for her greatness ; that she became it to a Miracle. Young *Alphonsus* was quickly sent for , and nurtur'd according to his Quality. Eighteen years *Cordelia* grac'd the Court of *Ferrara*, and blest the Arms of good *Alphonsus*. But then , to show us that Worldly happiness is seldom permanent , that Insatiate Tyrant Death, whose inhumanity spares neither the Fair, the young, or brave, ravishes from the fond *Alphonsus*, this soft Wife. Which irreparable loss, it being impossible for time or nature to repay , the Duke mourns to that excessive rate , that the ensuing Year he also dyes.

Alphonsus , the only Son and Heir

78 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

to this departed Hero; the person who hath occasion'd this relation, is Proclaim'd Duke of *Ferrara*, and *Modena*. He had not long been in possession of it: before *Ferado*, who was now grown a popular Man, and had a settl'd picque against the Royal Family, for the loss of *Cordelia*, (so implacable and immovable is the hatred which proceeds from love refus'd) starts a Question concerning *Alphonfus's* Legitimacy; and boldly affirms, the late Duke was never marry'd. He knew well, all the Witnesses were dead, except *Aminda*; and one Woman's word, would never convince a World; that is generally fonder of lies than Truth. This strange aspersions alarm'd the whole Court, and most of the Neighbouring Princes. In all Courts there are factious persons, & persons desirous of change; though they were sure 'twere for the worst. Many of these join with *Don Ferado*, and demand a clear proof of the Marriage, which *Alphonfus*, not being

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being able to give, they appeal to Pope *Urban* the Eighth; Who, willing to ingross the Sovereignty himself, declares against the present Duke; expels him to retire to his ancient Dutchy of *Modena*; which their utmost malice could not pretend to deprive him of.

This is the Prince, who, remaining privately at *Rome*, to sollicit his present Holyness for the regaining his right in *Ferrara*, has seen you: and left his heart and liberty at your Feet. His many applications to me, for the furtherance of his affairs, have given me opportunity to be thoroughly acquainted with him: and I have discover'd such a Noble goodness in his temper that he does truly excel all others of his Sex. From him I had the foregoing story, which perhaps to you might sound Romantick, because I so punctually related each particular; but my hearing it often from this Prince *Alphonfus*, had deeply impress'd every circumstance in my memory. I would not undertake to be his

E 4 Advocate,

80 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

Advocate, especially, my Dear to you, (went *Olimpia* on, with the kindest aspect in the world :) did I not know him well; and also know that my interest with his Holyness, is of that large extent, as to Re-establish this Prince, in the Throne of his Ancestors. But I am convinc'd, he is in love to that degree; that all the Kingdoms of the Earth can never make him happy, without your favour.

The Trouble his Father hath involved him in, (answers *Melora*) by matching privately, and below his dignity, ought, in common Prudence, to deterr this Gentleman, from any such design. Oh, my fair one! (replies *Olimpia*) who can behold you and be deterr'd from loving, by the consideration of interest? But however repugnant it is to his interest (she proceeded gravely) I am sure it is very conspicuous, it agrees with yours, to listen kindly to the proposals of a Prince, who offers his Heart and
Crown,

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Crown, without any other conditions, than your acceptance of it. Yet with closest Secrecy, this must be manag'd: for many of the Italian Princes will be drawn to assist him, in hopes of his Matching into their Families. And I believe you yourself would tax any person with egregious folly, that should refuse to accept an inestimable present, because given in the dark: when afterwards they'd have privilege to make use of it before all the World.

A Scene of greatness strait appear'd to *Melora*; and she with the Eye of Fancy, beheld her self seated in a Palace, attended by persons, born above her. Women are generally ambitious, and opinionated of their own merit; and though *Melora* might justly boast she had one of the largest portions of Wit, and Discretion: yet she was a woman pertook of the frailty of her Sex; was willing to believe this fine story; and let these Glorious thoughts appear pleasing.

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Which *Olimpia* perceiving, augments these towring Joys , describing the pleasures of Pomp , and Splendor ; extolling the happiness of being plac'd where Ten Thousand admiring Eyes would be fix'd upon her ; all watching the Motion of hers ; to fly at her commands. Thus she cunningly turns the gawdy side of greatness to this young Creature's view , hiding the thorns and fatal vicissitudes, which too too often attend power, had her Lover been Duke of *Modena*. But (alas !) Unhappy Beauty, thy Malicious Stars have pointed Thee a sad and gloomy Fate ; which she is thus conducted to. *Olimpia* takes *Melora* to a fine village of hers , near *Rome* , after she had prevail'd with the deceiv'd Lady to see this pretended Prince. The Cardinal , whose lust gave him Ideas, that every moment , put him into raptures , comes , by *Olimpia's* appointment , in the night , to this Country House , attended only by a young

young Gentleman, whose scanty fortunes the Cardinal had augmented, and thereby indear'd him to his service. This Person is acquainted with the whole design; which he brooks not well, being a Gentleman, and hating such dishonourable proceedings. But interest overcomes these Heroick sentiments; and *Francisco* (for that was his name) promises his utmost assistance. *Antonio Barbarino* is adorn'd with a World of finery to appear amiable; his Hatband is of Diamonds of almost an inestimable value, and every *particular* expresses as much magnificence, as possible. He keeps himself conceal'd, by *Olimpia's* advice, till next day; who thus contrives his appearance.

She takes this day to show *Lora* the fineries of her House, and Gardens. In the midst of the Garden, stood a Banqueting-House, painted by the most famous of that ingenious Art. One side was *Ida's* Plain, and *Paris* the loveliest youth, that pencil ever drew,

84 *The Inhumane Cardinal*

drew, standing with his sheephook, before three contending Goddesses. He had just presented *Venus* with the Apple; who, by her pleasing smiles, adds to the vast Beauty the Painter had given her. Then in *Juno*, Envy, and threatening was so plainly delineated, that you could scarce view her without fear. *Pallas* look'd with a noble scorn, as she knew her own Merit, and despis'd the Opinion of her Judge. When the Painter propos'd this story to me, said *Olimpia*, I forbid him doing it; remembering in the Fable, the Goddesses appear'd naked. The Limner guess'd my scruple, and told me, I was mistaken in his design: for he would dress them all in Garbs, so becoming, that should sooner bribe a Judge, than naked Beauties. I think he hath been as good as his word, answers *Melora*, for that loose Sky-colour'd Robe of *Juno's* is admirable, nor is *Venus's* Crimson of less finery; it gives a Lustre to her Skin. In my fancy, replies *Olimpia*.

Olimpia the silver Armour of *Pallas*, which reaches to her knees, and those shining Buskins, that discover her Graceful Legs, exceed far the other. But behold here, added *Olimpia*, turning to the other side of the room; and give me your opinion of this.

It was the Fable of *Iphis's* marriage; who, by his Mother's Prayer, was Metamorphos'd into Man. First you beheld the Mother, devoutly kneeling; whilst in *Iphis*, you began to discover the effects of her Prayer. His Looks show'd amazement, and his lovely Hair turn'd upon one Cheek, in short Curls, the other hung down dishevel'd a little farther. He appear'd jocund; his Face Manly; with his fair Bride, and all the splendour of a solemn Nuptial. These excellent pieces were incompas'd with Festoons of Flowers, incomparably done. After *Melora* had sufficiently prais'd, and admir'd this surprizingly fine Painting; *Olimpia* desires her to sit down, in this delightful place, and requests.

86 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

requests her to sing the song, she lov'd;
 saying there was an excellent Eccho;
 which mightily helpt the voice.
Melora, amongst her numerous per-
 fections, had this in the highest de-
 gree: for all the judicious that ever
 heard her, own'd her skill and sweet-
 ness unequal'd. The Cardinal was
 conducted by *Beatrice*, *Olimpia's*
 woman, to the door of the Room;
 where he stood. No Princess liv'd
 greater in *Rome*, than the Princess
Olimpia, and she had several Persons
 of good Quality her Attendants:
 but this *Beatrice* suited best her incli-
 nation, and was her chiefest Favorite.
 When the Friendship first began
 between *Olimpia* and *Melora*, this
 subtle Woman grew very uneasy,
 fearing a Rival in her Lady's Heart.
 But when the Cruel *Olimpia* intrusted
 her with the whole matter, and she
 saw this height was only the Prologue
 to her ruine, the malicious Wretch
 was infinitely pleas'd; and the Car-
 dinal's Presents following, made her
 very

Or Innocence Betray'd. 87

very assiduous in these wicked practices. *Melora*, ignorant of any unseen hearer, immediately obey'd *Olimpia's* Commands ; and , with a charming Air, sung the following words.

A SONG.

As young *Aminta* stood and view'd
The Beauties of th' approaching
Tear,
She sigh'd to think how soon they would
Wither, grow old, and disappear.

Strephon, who long had ask'd relief,
But always beg'd and pray'd in vain ;
Hop'd more Advantage from her grief
Than he before could er'e obtain.

Beware said he, my Life, my All,
Destroying Time comes on apace
Your fairest Charms must one day fall,
And Age and Wrinkles fill their place.

Improve your Youth now that remains,
For Age does too too fast pursue ;

Be:

88 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

*Be kind at last, requite my pains,
And give to Love, and me their due.*

*Then fly fair Nymph into my Arms,
Whilst Youth, and Wit, and Beauty
last ;*

*The Spring and Summer have no Charms,
Which envious Winter will not blast.*

Just as she ended, the Cardinal steps forth ; only bowing to *Olimpia*, whilst he eagerly addresses to *Melora*; and fixing his Eyes upon her, cries in a Passionate Tone ; ‘ Ah Madam ! I
‘ was enough your slave before ; and
‘ in my ravish’d fancy, call’d you all
‘ divine, but now I heard your An-
‘ gelick Voice, I am convinc’d you
‘ came into the World some extraordi-
‘ nary way ; and are really one of the
‘ bright Inhabitants of Heaven. There-
‘ fore, with Justice, you may despise
‘ the sighs of groveling Mortals. *Me-
lora* was strangely surpriz’d at his ap-
pearing without the least warning ;
and turning to *Olimpia*, her face being
cover’d

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cover'd with blushes said ; ' This is
' unkind, dear Princess, to let a stranger
' be Witness of your Servants fail-
' ings, and unprepar'd receive such
' palpable flattery. Nay, Madam, re-
' turns *Olimpia*, bend all anger against
' the Prince, and I will join with you ;
' for I think 'tis inexcusable in his
' Highness to surprize us thus without
' notice.

' All Messengers seem'd too slow
' for my impatiency , replies that
' Impostor, nor could my own feet,
' though wing'd with desire, and
' love, conduct me half so fast as my
' wishes, to throw my self before this
' ador'd Beauty. Cease Prince, in-
' terrupts *Olimpia*, for I read displea-
' sure in *Melora's* Eyes ; this new
' strange Theme disturbs her. Di-
' vert us with the news of Rome ;
' sure that great City cannot live a
' day without follies, ridiculous e-
' nough to make us laugh. If my
' Tongue must, (answers *Barbarino*)
' leave the dear delightful subject of
my

90 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

'my Life *my Love*; I hope you'll
 'give my Eyes and sighs the liberty
 'to speak the Language of my Heart.
 'That we may venture to allow,
 'I think, replies *Melora* ; because
 'wee can have the privilege, not to
 'observe them, and only listen to
 'your news; which we both expect
 '(adds *Olimpia*.) The freshest; I
 'know, (begins the Cardinal very
 'gravely) is of a great judgment,
 'that is lately fallen on a fair young
 'Lady. This Lady had an humble
 'servant, whom the World call'd very
 'deserving, but the Cruel Maid
 'thought otherwise; and, notwith-
 'standing Days, and Nights, and
 'Months, spent all in Sighs and
 'Prayers and Tears; yet her obdurate
 'Heart feels no compassion. Nothing
 'the Amorous Youth neglected, ei-
 'ther to say, or act, that might
 'have gain'd a kinder doom, though
 'all in vain; which when he plainly
 'found, o'rewhelm'd with love,
 'and deep despair, he languish'd a
 short

Or Innocence Betray'd. 91

'short time; then made his Ever-
'lasting Exit. Still the remorseless
'Maid was unconcern'd; only Civility
'and Honour obliged her to attend
'him to his Grave. And lest her
'Spectators should there censure her
'guilty of Barbarity, she cunningly
'conveys an Onion into her Hand-
'kerchief, to supply the defect of
'Natural Tears. But now observe
'the Justice of her Fate; for, from
'that moment, so violent a conflux of
'Rheum follow'd, that she, for ever
'weeps, spight of all the Physician's
'Art. And if in any Company
'where Mirth prevails, then the
'streams run down, enough to fright
'them with the apprehensions of a
'second Deluge. Is not *this*, Ladies,
(concluded the Cardinal) a sufficient
warning to deterr you from Cruelty?
They both laugh'd at the Roman-
tick News, and *Melora* said pleasant-
ly, the greatest Miracle she found in
the story, was, the Gallant dying
for Love; that being, in these Ages,
altogether

92 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

altogether unpractis'd , and out of fashion. In such Conversation they in secret pass'd their hours , whilst the Cardinal forgot not to improve them ; but by a Thousand Glances, Sighs , and Whispers , told *Melora*, that he dy'd, unless she in gentle pity sav'd him. Such great Persons wanted nothing, that either Art or Nature could afford , for their Pleasure, and Diversion. What they had told *Melora* of the Duke's being *incognito* in *Rome*, took off her mistrust when she saw him cautious to appear before any , but *Olimpia* her self, *Beatrice* , and *Francisco*. Every thing contributed towards the deceiving this poor Lady ; the general discourse of *Rome* ; which was, of the Duke of *Modena's* pretensions to the Dukedom of *Ferrara* ; and that Princes absence from his own Court , being often in the Courts of other Princes, soliciting Aid, in case the Pope deny'd him Justice : But these many circumstances were needless ; for though *Melora*

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Or Innocence Betray'd. 93

had a Vivacity in her Wit, peculiar to her self; a Judgment perspicuous and clear; yet so cunningly had *Olimpia*, by her seeming Fondness, and artful Insinuations, wrought upon the goodness of her temper; that she believ'd whatever that false one affirm'd, stedfastly, as an Article of her Faith.

After two days the Cardinal takes leave with all the passionate dearneſs Man can expreſs; returns to *Rome*, whither the Ladies quickly follow: *Olimpia* ſtill preſſing her fair Favourite to be kind to this deſerving Prince, as ſhe always terms him.

Melora was now wholly in the Princeſs *Olimpia*'s Palace, only going every day to viſit her Father; and every Night the Love-ſick Cardinal paid his devoir to her. Yet ſpight of all theſe conſtant Viſits, and reiterated Oaths of continual Love; *Melora* appears but cold, and expreſſes her ſelf with a World of caution and reſervation. This Torments the Amorous

94 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*
rous Priest beyond measure. Now,
though *Melora* absolutely confided
in *Olimpia*, her good Education had
perfectly taught her to obey her Fa-
ther's Will; and to undertake so
great a Concern, without his Know-
ledge, shock'd all her resolves, and
dash'd her with a Thousand Fears.
Olimpia strives her utmost to incou-
rage the beauteous trembling Maid;
and in perswasive Arguments lays
down the inconveniency of acquaint-
ing her Father: for he being a Loyal
Man, and in a publick station, would
certainly discover it to the King his
Master; which would at present
ruine the Prince *Alphonfus* in all his
designs. *Melora* listen'd to whatever
Olimpia urg'd; gave obliging An-
swers, but delay'd complying. No-
thing was so hateful to the Cardinal
and *Olimpia*, as this protracting time,
because they lay liable to a hundred
accidents that might betray them;
by which the Cardinal would irrevoc-
ably lose his Fame; and, what
was

was much dearer, *Melora*. Therefore the next time they are together, he pleads with all his Loves Eagerness and Oratory; tells his fair Mistress, his desires were grown to such a height of Violence, that without her consent to the fulfilling them, they would certainly prey upon his Life, and from her Adorer he should become her Martyr. 'Ah Madam! (went he on, sighing passionately, and grasping her Knees) Why are you thus 'Cruel? Why do you force me to 'live in these Insupportable Agonies, 'when 'tis in your power to raise me 'to endless Worlds of Bliss? Is not 'the Appellation of Kind and Pitiful 'more pleasing to you, than the Savage Names of Cruel and Rigorous? 'With what reason (reply'd that Charmer sweetly) My Lord, can 'you Complain, or ask me more? 'Have I not already broke the Sacred 'Laws of Duty, which I us'd to hold 'Inviolable, and receiv'd you here 'Clandestinely: heard all the stories
' of

96 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

‘of your Love, and only resolv’d to
 ‘take such time as may confirm the
 ‘Constancy and Faith, which you,
 ‘with so much Rhetorick, have
 ‘Vow’d.

‘In that resolve you give me Death
 ‘(said he, with a sad Air) and e’er my
 ‘probation ends, you’ll be convinc’d,
 ‘by the sublimest Proof, that I am
 ‘yours. When he said this, he takes
 his leave, and before he left the
 House, relates all this to *Francisco*;
 ordering him to stay, till *Olimpia* was
 at leisure to hear it; and send him
 her advice in these perplexities.
 Through the Gardens, and Walks of
Donna Olimpia’s Palace, the Cardinal
 always went home, only passing a
 narrow Lane, he came to a back door
 of his own, where a Servant con-
 stantly attended: One, who, many
 Years, had been acquainted with his
 Debauchees, and Night Rambles,
 though he was not trusted with the
 story of this Intrigue. *Barbarino* go-
 ing Melancholy through the before
 mention’d

Or Innocence Betray'd. 97

mention'd Lane was surpriz'd, notwithstanding the darkness of the Night, and lateness of the hour, to perceive the glittering of Swords; and stepping hastily to avoid them, one immediately rush'd upon him, and gave him a Wound in his Breast; at which the amaz'd Cardinal cry'd out, Villains! Assassins! Hearing his Voice they fled; only saying, Damn it, we were mistaken in our Man.

'Twas very near the Cardinal's private Door, this accident happen'd, and the Servant that waited for him, having skill in Surgery, he trusted him to search the Wound; who assur'd the frightened Priest, that there was no danger; only the loss of Blood would, for some Days, confine him to his Bed, and Chamber. He then began to revive his Courage, and Commanded the Servant to say, his Illness proceeded from a violent bleeding at the Nose; which took him in the Night: this pass'd upon

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his

98 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*
his Physicians; who only order'd
him comfortable Cordials to renew
his Spirits.

The next Morning, the Cardinal
found himself at ease enough, to con-
sider his Love affair, and accordingly
dispatches *Francisco*, to acquaint *O-*
limpia with his Misfortune; and to
beg, her Almighty Wit would make
some advantage of it with his Mi-
strefs. One would have thought, the
Heavens sending the Mischief, de-
sign'd another, on the Cardinal's Head,
might have deterr'd them from pur-
suing further the ruine of that soft *In-*
nocent, the fair *Melora*; but they were
harden'd, and *Olimpia*, resolving to
fulfil the desires of the Friend of her
darling Lust, Ambition, manag'd
with Woman's Cunning, her de-
sign.

Melora observ'd *Olimpia* Melan-
choly; and her fondness and parti-
cularity to her, laid aside; and for
three days only Complacency, and
cold Civility remain'd. This per-
plex'd

plex'd her strangely ; fain she would have ask'd the reason ; long'd to know the cause of the Duke's (as she thought him) absence ; but Modesty, the Virgin's constant necessary useful Guest, withheld her Questions a while. At length, impatience prevail'd, and she desir'd *Beatrice* to let her know, when the Princess *Olimpia* would be alone in her Closet. The same day, word was brought her she was so, and wish'd to see her. *Melora* attends her the very instant ; and found that subtle Lady sitting upon a Couch, leaning her head upon her hand, with an unusual sadness in her Face. As soon as *Melora* enter'd, she bid her sit down ; then, fetching a deep Sigh, continu'd silent. The poor young Creature surpriz'd with this counterfeited sorrow, remain'd also dumb, for some time, till her Tears made way for her words. She implor'd *Olimpia* to acquaint her, if through any inadvertency, she had offended to that degree, as to lose the honour of

100 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*
her Friendship, and be banish'd that
dear Bosom, where all her Happiness
and Delight were Center'd ; Adding,
with a World of sweetness and real
trouble, how willingly she would
abate, participate ; or, if possible,
take off those griefs, she saw o'er-
whelm her beloved Princess, might
she but know the cause. *Olimpia* lift-
ing up her head, answer'd very seri-
ously ; my Affliction will perhaps oc-
casion your rejoicing ; I mourn the
Prince *Alphonfus*, whom as a Friend
I lov'd. Your inclination caus'd him
to be your aversion ; and consequent-
ly his Miseries will move no Pity ;
which made me forbear relating
them.

Alas, Madam ! (replies *Melora*)
wherein has your Highness discover'd
that aversion, you are pleas'd to
charge me with ? I have receiv'd the
Prince's Address, with all the Com-
placency imaginable, at any time,
or any hour. If this is hatred, I am
mistaken ; and must beg directions,
how

Or Innocence Betray'd. 101

how to express my Esteem to my Lord *Alphonfus*; both as to his own merit, and what's yet more, a Person recommended by you, (ended she, bowing.)

With such a height of Passion, such an excess of tenderness (returns *Olimpia*) the Prince adores you, that your fatal Coldness hath destroy'd him. Signore *Francisco* acquaints me, that, ever since his last parting from you, he hath Languish'd of a Fever; which his Physicians say, is desperate; whilst he, Foe to himself, and Friend to his Disease, gives way to that, and flights all their Applications.

Let me dye (cry'd out *Melora* eagerly; frighted with the apprehension of such a Person's Death) rather than have a guilt like this, imputed to me; Ah Madam! (went she on) if you have any sparks of that generous love remaining, which you bestow'd on this Ungrateful; teach me a way to expiate my Crime. I own what-

102 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

e'er my inclination was, I err'd, to an extremity, in disobeying your Commands; and to atone, I'll Visit him, I'll write, do what my nature hath most abhorr'd; so my Princess will again receive me into favour.

Do nothing against stomach (Answers *Olimpia* coldly) and though I know a line or two might save his Life, yet a dissembl'd kindness is but a Reprieve; and to relapse into despair, is irrecoverable, therefore I'll not ask it; 'tis to desire a present Cordial, that carries with it, a future Poison. When she had said this, she left *Melora* in the Closet, and went to Company, that stay'd to kiss her hand.

Nothing was more glorious, than the Friendship of *Donna Olimpia*; who enjoy'd it, participated of all the pleasures and grandeur of *Rome*. Then, to be a Princess! Attractions, which may excuse *Melora*, if she committed an indecency in writing
to

Or Innocence Betray'd. 103

to the pretended Duke. For after many struglings with her native reservedness, she resolv'd it, and wrote thus.

To the Duke Alphonfus.

MY belov'd and ever honour'd Princess tells me your Highness is unfortunately seiz'd with Sickness; and unkindly makes me the occasion of it. If I have that power over you, which my want of Charms perswades me I am only flatter'd with; I charge you, use your best endeavours to recover Health, and hasten to us that I, through your mediation may be re-establish'd in the heart of my dear Princess. Which Obligation can never sufficiently be acknowledg'd, or return'd by

Your Servant

Melora.

Olimpia in haste dispatch'd her Visitants, those of Ceremony, and

F 4 those

104 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

those of Business. Coming back to the Closet, she found *Melora* reading; having left the Letter open upon the Table. *Melora* stood up as *Olimpia* came in, and begg'd she would please to peruse that she had written; saying, she was wholly ignorant of those sort of Letters, and humbly pray'd her approbation. When *Olimpia* had read it; she, smiling, said; you have plaid the pretty Sophister, my dear, and so kindly express'd your obliging sentiments of Friendship, that I know how to resent your Cruelty, in discovering so little Love to a Prince, who perhaps may want Life to receive it. *Beatrice* undertakes the conveyance, and with needful caution hath it deliver'd to the Cardinal; who began already to think of speedily leaving his Chamber, and this favour added to his health, and his desires. He, all night, contrives the kindest Answer, words could frame, and the next Morning sends it to *Olimpia*; who, with her usual

usual cunning, presented it ; first bewailing his weakness, then wondering at Love's Power, which had given strength to answer her Letter so quickly. *Melora*, blushing, took it ; and to *Olimpia* read as follows.

Alphonfus to the Divine Melora.

WERE I dying, I'd force my trembling hand to write Melora thanks, but I am better, returning from the grave. The charming Mandate, which brought me your Commands to live, brought likewise power to obey them. Yes my Adorable Mistress, I own you have sav'd my Life ; and 'tis a mighty act of mercy. Yet Pardon me, fair Saint, if I presume to say, there's Justice in it too ; for 'tis but just my Angel should preserve that Life, which is wholly dedicated to her service.

How think you ; Madam, cries *Olimpia* hastily ; does he not write, as well as he speaks ; I own him

106 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

Excellent at both, Answers *Melora* ;
therefore should not I be guilty of
Vanity, to imagine my self blest
with perfections great enough, to
Merit his endless Love ?

Olimpia reply'd, in Compliments
of her worth, and caress'd her with
new Indearments. A few days after
the Cardinal's Physicians advis'd him
to the Country Air, for the perfect-
ing his recovery ; and he let his
Friends know, that being weak, he
desir'd privacy without Visitors, de-
signing to spend this time at *Olimpia's*
Villa, (attended only with *Francisco*)
instead of his own ; though the
World was made believe he lay
there retir'd.

Assoon as *Olimpia* understood the
matter, according to the Cardinal's
wishes, she asks *Melora* to leave
Rome a second time with her ; telling
her also, that the Duke of *Modena*
was advis'd to the Air for his Health ;
and she had given him an invitation
to her *Villa* ; where he might remain
undiscover'd.

undiscover'd. I let you know this, said *Olimpia*; that you may not seem surpriz'd or displeas'd at his coming to us. *Melora* receiv'd the News of his Company very agreeably; and they with much pleasure began their Journey. Soon after the Cardinal arrives, and 'twas then, and not till then, that Pity, Loves sure Forerunner, seiz'd the Compassionate Heart of that young soft Maid; when she beheld *Antonio* look as pale as Death, and tremble, as he mov'd, with weakness. This, she thought, Almighty Love had been the only cause of, and that the World would Tax her of Barbarity, should she refuse to apply Cordials of Kindness, to such a consuming Languishment. Therefore she receives him with smiles; and says obliging things, that beyond measure charm'd the Priest. They Supp'd together in *Olimpia's* Closet; and being all pleas'd, their Conversation was extraordinary. *Barbarino* had formerly been imploy'd in several

ral

108 *The Inhumane Cardinal*

ral Negotiations, to the Courts of Foreign Princes; he had good natural parts, and all the Acquirements of Learning, that great Men are able to receive. No wonder then his Company was agreeable to *Melora*; who was ingenious, and therefore understood the wit he deliver'd in pleasant relations and discourse.

While they were at Supper, *Beatrice* brought *Olimpia* word, that there was a Benedictine of the Neighbouring Monastery, waited to desire the honour of her Highnesses Presence at the Feast of their Patron; which was to be Celebrated on the Morrow. I shall incur your displeasure, said *Olimpia* smiling, my Lord Duke, if I take *Melora* with me; yet I would willingly have her see the Solemnity, because I believe it will be very fine. I shall mourn your Absence, replies the Cardinal, but should grieve more to hinder the fair *Melora* participating the pleasure of beholding the Ceremony. We will endeavour to make my

my Lord amends, at our return, with a full relation of our Entertainment, said *Melora*.

A Description from so sweet an Oratrix will charm me far beyond the gaudy show, answers the Cardinal. Thus they talk'd away the Evening; and the next Morning, the Ladies rose early, to prepare for the Festival. When they were drest, *Barbarino* was admitted to pay them a Visit in *Olimpia's* Chamber. *Melora* lookt surprizingly beautiful, and the Cardinal express'd his admiration, in lavish Commendations; seeming to come nearer to view her: he, in a moment, fix'd a Crociate of valuable Jewels upon her Breast. She went immediately to take them off; but *Olimpia* coming up forbade her; and she, blushing, let them remain.

That Night several Persons of Quality conducted the Princess *Olimpia*, from the Monastery home. The Ladies were oblig'd to stay and entertain them; so that they could not see

110 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

see the Cardinal. The next day *Olimpia* resolv'd to have to her self; and gave her Servants order to say she was indispos'd, and would receive no Visits. They chose a retir'd Grotto to spend the day in. This cool retreat was very delightful; for 'twas with wonderous pains cut in a Rock, the Lights were all cover'd with Vines; which look'd very agreeable. One side of the Grotto was hang'd with Forest Tapestry, the other most artificially adorn'd with Moss-work, which glitter'd with shining Shells and Pebbles; whose Lustre equal Diamonds. The Couch and Canopy was green Florence Sarsenet; at the end, opposite to the Door, a full Curtain of the same hung down to the ground: along the side of the Rock that was covered with Moss, a small Rivulet ran, whose pleasing Murmur was able to inspire the most stupid, with tender Sentiments. Whilst *Olimpia* said something to the Cardinal, *Melora* fixt her Eyes upon

Or Innocence Betray'd. III

upon the purling Stream; whose transparent clearness show'd the bottom, strow'd with the Rock's Ornaments, Shells, and Pebbles. The Cardinal turning, observing her so intent, stoop'd nearer; and with an In-graving Pen, upon the Marble Pavement, wrote thus:

*Should some small Water Deity to day
Be sporting here, and those bright Eyes
survey,*

*With eager haste he'd fly to Neptune's
Court,*

*And tell the God the Place of your
Resort.*

*Then, turn away those All-Command-
ing Eyes,*

*Lest this small Rill, should to an O-
cean rise;*

*And Neptune vanquish'd by thy kill-
ing Charms,*

*Should bear thee hence within his Wa-
try Arms.*

See, Madam! said Olimpia, when
she

112 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

she had read 'em : the Prince's Passion penetrates the obdurate Marble ; yet your harder heart still denies access.

Melora was amaz'd to behold the lines at her Feet ; thinking they had still been discoursing. She had, with blushes, just perus'd what was written, when from behind the Curtain, they heard the agreeable charming sound, both of Vocal, and Instrumental Musick. Ha ! cry'd *Olimpia*, seemingly surpriz'd, you mention'd the Watry Deity, and I believe he has sent his Mermaids, to entertain you. I rather suspect an Earthly Goddess, reply'd *Melora*, smilingly, looking upon *Olimpia* ; and the best way to express our thanks for the favour, is silence. Whilst the Italian songs, with the most exquisite Musick, was perform'd, they din'd ; and after *that*, the Princess *Olimpia* gave her Commands the Musick should retire. The Curtain was drawn up, and the delicate Organs discover'd ; which, from the Water receiv'd

Or Innocence Betray'd. 113

receiv'd their incomparable Musick ;
and all the glorious painted seats,
which held the tuneful Masters,
whom they had heard before.

In vain , cry'd *Melora*, in a pleasing transport , we hunt the World for pleasures , when ransackt *Italy*, can never equal, what my charming Princess's *Villa* gives. Ay but , my Life, return'd the Cardinal, I expect the discharge of your Promise , in describing the Entertainment you receiv'd Yesterday.

Indeed , went the fair one on, smiling, I think these Saints Festivals are fuller of diversion, than devotion. To see a fat Abbot walk in state, cover'd with Embroideries , and looking as great , as if the Triple Crown adorn'd his Head ; and all their Ornaments set forth in the greatest Pomp and Lustre imaginable ; doth it not resemble Pride, and Vanity ? Be cautious , my dear, interrupted *Olimpia*, lest you incline to the errour of the Hereticks ; who
care

114 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

care not how fine their Houses are, nor how plain their Churches; tacitely discovering they love, and esteem themselves, better then the Deity, they Worship.

I submit, said *Melora*, and will admire their glories. But to what end should I describe vast Banquets of Sweet-meats, and delightful Musick; which is here every day excell'd. That only which deserves perpetual remembrance, was the Lovely Duke and Dutcheſs of *Parma*. Such a becoming tenderness he expreſs'd, ſuch a ſympathy of Souls there ſeem'd, as if one cou'd not do, what the other did not like. How can you praiſe, what you reſuſe to practice, cry'd the Cardinal in a Rapture; ſo would I gaze all day on thoſe lov'd eyes; but then the Night; the Night; burning, raging, ſighing, claſping! Oh forbear my Lord! (*Olimpia* ſtops him;) leave theſe ſtrong extaſies; till that happy Night arrives: ſee how *Melora* bluſhes. Indeed ſaid the
Cardinal,

Or Innocence Betray'd. 115

Cardinal, cooling himself with a sigh, I ought to have patience, since that Duke, you mention'd, waited long for one, less fair, and through many hazards, at length was blest.

Olimpia knew, *Melora* took delight in nothing more, then hearing the Histories of Persons, where the Capricio's of Fortune had been most evident: and to oblige her, ask'd the Cardinal, if his Highness was acquainted with the particulars of their loves? He answer'd her that he could procure them a full relation, if they desir'd it; for *Francisco* was bred, from a Child, in the Duke of *Parma's* Court; & inform'd of each minute circumstance. *Melora* express'd great joy at the proposal; and *Francisco* being call'd, the Cardinal commanded him to sit down, and to the Ladies relate the Adventures of *Emilius*, and *Lovisa*, Duke and Dutcheß of *Parma*. *Francisco*, after a moment's recollection, with a submissive reverence, began thus.

The

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
Emilius and Lovisa.

I Shall not attempt (most Illustrious Auditors) to describe the Persons of this Prince and Princess, because my words cannot reach the height of their Perfections; as your own Eyes may be witness; but must of necessity go so far back, as to take a view of the late Duke and Dutcheß, Parents to this. *He* was a great Soldier, and a great Politician, which of consequence render'd him a great Man; yet of a humour so positive and absolute, that neither Sons nor Subjects durst ever contradict his Resolution. Whilst the Dutcheß was all
sweetness.

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sweetness and affability, as oft as possible mitigating the sternness of her Lord, and obliging all the World with Offices of Kindness.

He had two Sons, one elder than the present Duke *Emilius*, over whom he exercis'd an Authority, wherein very little of the Father appear'd; whomsoever they favour'd he frown'd upon, always denying them whatever they coveted with eagerness. Few therefore durst make their Court assiduously to the young Princes, lest they incur'd the anger and jealousy of the Old Duke. Only Count *Bileront* broke all these Rules of Policy, and openly profess'd an intimate Service, and humble unfeign'd Friendship for the Prince *Emilius*, with whom he had been nurtur'd. The Duke often storm'd at that, often chid the Lovely Youths for their so strict amity; and often Commanded *Bileront's* Father to send him farther from Court. Yet all these shocks they stood; for *Emilius*, who had

118 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

had a large share of his Mother's sweet nature, drooped so when they went to part them, that before he reach'd at Manhood, they cou'd not do it, without visible danger to the Prince's Health. By that time *Emilius* had past his Eighteenth Year, he grew quite tyr'd of the Court; the harshness of his Father's temper abridging him of all those Injoyments, whereunto his Inclinations led him. He sets all Engines at work to obtain leave, that he may join the *Venetians*, as a Noble Voluntier, and see a Campaign; hoping to raise his Reputation in the World, and quit, for some time, a place that disgusted him. After much opposition, *Emilius* accomplish'd his desires; but the Old Duke not finding in his heart to prove too indulgent, orders *Bileront* to stay behind; and perceiving notwithstanding that faithful Youth, covertly prepar'd to follow him, he without hearkening to the intreaties of his Friends, Imprison'd him under a
strict

Or Innocence Betray'd. 119

strict Guard. If *Emilius* resented this ill, he was very likely to meet with the same treatment. So that being assur'd no other harm was design'd him but to hinder his Accompanying him; he smother'd his smarting griefs, and went on with his intentions. Several young Sparks, in whom the love of glory had kindled a Warlike Fire, forsook the soft pleasures of the Palace, and waited on the Prince. This Noble Cavalcade having left *Parma*, directed their course towards his Holiness's Gallies, where they design'd to embark, after staying some time at the Port, till the Fleet were ready to sail. As the Prince, having all his things Embark'd, was walking on the shore, he felt somebody take him by the Cloak, and turning, he saw one in the garb of a Common Souldier; but looking more heedfully, Oh how pleas'd was he to behold his lov'd *Bileront*; such Joy fill'd their delighted Souls, there was no room for words.

At

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At length , a hundred Questions throng together, which as confusedly are answered. *Bileront*, whose sweet Eloquence cou'd move things almost inanimate (for next to that I account the stupid sort of Men) had with his Promises and Presents prevail'd upon a Centry to let him have his Cloaths, in which he drest himself, the Fellow putting on the young Lords , and over them his own Cloak, and thus they both escap'd. Now *Emilius's* wishes were compleat ; and the faithful happy Friends went in all haste aboard. I will not trouble your Honours with a description of the War , only say of these , they were a second *Pylades* and *Orestes* ; always fighting by each other , always undertaking the greatest dangers ; and always Crown'd with Glory. The Campaign ended, they with several of the French Nobility , Volunteers likewise , went to *France* ; and in that Court spent their Winter. In the mean time, the Dutch-
efs

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ess of *Parma* long'd to see her Darling Son; and having at length, obtain'd *Bileront's* Pardon, she writes earnestly to her dear *Emilius*, that he would return. He obeys his indulgent Mother's reiterated desires, and again, with his Favorite *Bileront*, graces the Court of *Parma*. His Travails had extreamly added to his natural perfections, and though he was not Heir Apparent, yet his eminent accomplishments drew all admiring Eyes towards him. Nothing now was to be seen in the Palace, on the Dutchesse's side, but Balls, Masquerades, and such other demonstrations of Royal Pleasures. At one of the Balls, a young Lady, having danc'd in a Persian Habit, with a particular mien and charming smoothness; *Emilius* ask'd who she was, saying, he had not observ'd her amongst the Beauteous Train before, though he thought she excell'd them all. He was straight inform'd her name was *Lovisa*, Daughter to *Don Hen-*

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rique, and *Donna Elvira*, who were,
as he knew, both great Courtiers
and had, Dying, left this their only
Child, to the care of the Dutcheſs;
that her Fortune was very opulent,
and her Perſon very taking. For his
not ſeeing her, the reaſon was, ſhe had
been ſome days in the Country, and
return'd but the night before. This,
adds the Prince's Informer, is an ac-
count of the fair *Loviſa*, who is call'd
the Dutcheſſe's Ward; and ador'd
by all. *Emilius*, getting near her,
told her in a whiſper that ſhe was
unjuſt, her Beauty being enough to
fix all Eyes upon her, ſhe ought not
to excel ſo tranſcendantly in Dancing
too; but let ſome more indifferent
do *that*, and obtain a glance. *Loviſa*,
bluſhing at the Prince's praiſes, an-
ſwer'd him; we muſt expect your
Highneſs full of the French Gallantry,
and whatever Object you are pleas'd
to rally is oblig'd to bear it. That
place was too publick, for a longer
Conference, but the Prince was
wonderfully

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wonderfully pleas'd with her, and talk'd of nothing else all the night, to his dear *Billeront*. Soon after, he paid *Lovisa* a visit; and finding her Conversation as full of charms, as her lovely Face, he was never so well pleas'd, as when with her. His Mother the Dutches, saw this growing Friendship, but hating nothing more than venturing *Emilius* in another Campaign; and considering *Lovisa* was a great Heiress, whose Ancestors sprung from a Branch of the Royal Family, he also being the second Son; should he fall in love with her, the match would not be so disproportionable. These reasons made the Dutches not only connive at his often Visits; but also conceal them from the Duke. *Lovisa's* Apartment lying through the Dutchesse's, the Duke thought he had been with his Mother, whilst he and *Bileront* spent their time more pleasantly.

They had form'd a Party for their

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particular Conversation, which they call'd the Friendly Society, and made several pretty Laws amongst themselves, with suitable Penalties, if they infring'd them. One was, to communicate to all the Company, every Letter they receiv'd, be it Love, or Gallantry. Nay if it was business, some Person was to inspect it cursorily over, and witness to the rest, that it afforded no diversion. Happy was he, that could partake the satisfaction of this ingenious company; which was compos'd of the highest young Quality. Their discourse was made up of pithy relations; or viewing the newest works of the writing Wits; Censuring, or extolling those labours of the brain, according to their Merit. *Emilius*, coming one day, before the usual hour for their meeting, surpriz'd *Lovisa* alone, reading a Letter, which she blush'd at, and hastily put up, when the Prince came in. Ha, Madam! cry'd he, eagerly running towards

wards her, have I caught you breaking one of our greatest Laws? She blushing still answer'd, 'twas business. This augmented the Prince's curiosity; and he said very gravely, you know, Madam, our Statutes are, that if Letters are full only of business, one is just to overlook that, and report it to the whole Body of our Society. Now I being here first, claim the privilege of seeing it, and satisfying the rest. She insisted, 'twas in her power; to chuse the Person, she desir'd should see it; but finding the Prince really earnest, unwilling to displease him, she gave it him, which he read thus; (for said *Francisco*, I having the happiness to know each particular of this Intrigue, took Copies of all the Letters to help my Memory.)

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Don Alvarez, to Donna Lovisa.

Madam,

My Dear Niece,

I Hope you will esteem the proposal I here send you, as a testimony of my Kindness; and believe, that my continual study is for your Advantage, and Honour. The young Count Lodowick is now preparing to kiss the Duke's hand, and make a handsome appearance at Court, his Estate is large; and the World justly calls him a Gallant Man. He is already in love with the report Fame brings us of you. I don't Question but your Sight secures your Conquest; pray let me hear your Opinion of him. I am, My Dear Kinswoman,

Yours

Alvarez.

The Prince sigh'd, and blush'd, as he read this Letter; and giving it
Lovisa.

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Lovisa again, said, I don't like this Marrying, 'twill spoil our Society. I'll give my Vote, that it shall be High Treason, for any of our Ladies to Marry. Nay then, returns *Lovisa*, laughing, we shall have a very pretty Character Twenty Years hence, a Company of Old Ill-natur'd Maids; better forsake the World quite, and become holy Nuns. Well, answers the Prince, I find all my Joys are at an end. You must be in Love now, and we bear all those absences of Mind, so frequent in Lovers, Silent whole hours; or if you talk, Count *Lodowick* must be brought in, by head and shoulders, at every Paragraph. You were the glory of our little Select World: your Wit and Eloquence gave Life to all was said; now you forsake us, I'll forsake the rest, and leaving an insipid Court, i'th' Camp forget *Lovisa*; if that be possible; (ended he with a sigh.) My Lord, replies *Lovisa*, I have endeavour'd to be rude, and interrupt your High-

G 4 ness;

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ness ; you talk, as if I was to be Marry'd to Morrow. The World (went she on, with a Majestick Air) knows little of *Lovisa's* Heart, if they imagine it so easily gain'd ; and that but hearing of a Man, is likely to fall in love with me, I should begin first to be so with him. More of the appointed Friends coming in, the Conversation became general ; yet still *Emilius* was harping on this (to him) ungrateful string, Count *Lodowick's* coming. He ask'd *Lovisa*, whether she thought she should fancy him, and what sort of Man she could like, begging her to express what Qualifications she expected in the happy Slave, whom, amongst her numerous Adorers, she wou'd bless with her Smiles.

My Lord, said that charming Maid, were I to behold a Man Masculine, yet Beautiful, Great, yet truly Brave ; A Prince whose Virtues, brighter than his Diadems, appear ; one more glorious than boundless
Fancy

Fancy can to the thinking Mind de-
paint ; and, not convinc'd by signal
proofs, his heart inclin'd, his passion
forc't him to my feet : I might gaze
on such a Master-piece ; but my Eyes
should let him no farther in : He ne-
ver shou'd disturb my Mind. You
may, reply'd the Prince, love where-
foe'er you look ; nor need to fear
they'll not sigh for you ; at least, if I
may judge the Soul of others by my
own. *Lovisa* took this for raillery, and
pleasantly return'd ; such Hearts as
yours will be most glorious Trophies,
and I shall grow exceeding proud,
but that, to humble me, I know
Prince *Emilius's* way, and my own
Imperfections.

That night *Bileront*, whose Apart-
ments joined the Prince's, heard him,
after all was gone to rest, walking
about his room. Fearing he was not
well, he rose and went to him. Par-
don, said *Bileront*, if I intrude, and
fly uncall'd, to learn what disturbs
my Lord. Oh my Friend ! (Answers

the Prince) I'm sick at heart, the Distemper revels there; and gives me pains that I ne'er felt before. *Bileront*, who was really frightened, began to call the Servants for the Physicians; when *Emilius* hastily stops him, saying, it lay not in the power of Art. None, none could heal his wounds, but the fair Cause. Then blushing, and hiding his Head in the Bosom of his dear Friend, he told him he lov'd the glory of her Sex, the sweet *Lovisa*. I mistrusted long ago (went on the Amorous Prince) but durst not examine my heart on that point, till Yesterday discovering another like to possess her: love and despair at once seiz'd me; broke the soft Chains of sleep, and set me here upon the Rack. *Bileront* said all, excessive Friendship prompted, to calm the distemper'd Mind of his lov'd Master; but he, witty to torment himself, study'd impossibilities that might arise, to bar his wishes, out of meer Chimera's: though indeed obstructi-
ons

ons there were enough. Thus spent
the restless Prince the tedious Night.
Next day, he long'd till the fatigue
of Ceremonious Duty, business, all
was o'er; that he might find his
darling Mistress, where all his
thoughts were fix'd. He saw her;
thought her more charming than ever
since to himself he had own'd he
lov'd her. Then he gave no bounds
to his admiring Eyes; but helping
forward his disease set every thought
at work; what Happiness, what
Raptures she could give. When he
came near her, tremblings and sighs
turn'd him pale; then a rising heart
cover'd his face with blushes. He
try'd to tell his love in whispers,
but his courage fail'd him, for he,
who truly loves, beholds his Mistress
stamp'd with such divinity as awes
his presumption. Nor dares he trust
his tongue, lest that too boldly
shou'd offend; leaves to his Eyes
the sad silent Tale; and hopes the
Charmer will read it there. *Lovisa,*
who

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who thought the minds of others like her own, free and gay; was brisk as Air; and often chid the Prince for his unusual Melancholy; nor could she forbear asking *Bileront* if he knew the cause. He answer'd her ambgiuously; suppose she her self was, wou'd she promise a remedy? That's so unlikely, said she 'tis not worth my answering; for I never was chearfuller in my Life; and I hope my mirth is not so ridiculous, as to work just the contrary on the Prince. *Bileront* fear'd to say more, lest he shou'd incurr the danger of displeasing both.

A few days after, this expected Count *Lodowick* came, was very well receiv'd by the Duke, the Eldest Prince, and indeed all the Court, except *Emilius*; who notwithstanding his natural sweetness, could not forbear looking cold on this young Nobleman; whilst *Lodowick's* only care was to dress well, and make a Figure answerable to his Quality.

Finding

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Finding *Lovisa* the handsomest Lady; he was most particular to her, though he had a general complacency for all the young and fair. Mean time *Emilius's* melancholy so visibly increas'd that every body took notice of it. He complain'd to his faithful *Bileront*, that he thought *Lovisa* took more care in dressing, since the arrival of *Lodowick*; and he fancy'd she gave him favourable glances; then would he burst into a Passion, and ask that fond Friend, wherein *Lodowick* deserv'd more than he? Thus, this impatient Prince nurs'd up groundless terrours, till they rob'd his days of Joy, his Nights of rest. When *Bileront* could get leave to speak, he told the Prince, that for his part, he discover'd no such alteration in the dress, or looks of *Lovisa*; then you talk (went he on) of her preferring *Lodowick* before you: when alas, she is wholly ignorant, knows not the vast honour her Eyes have won; think you, my Lord, being

being posselt of your Illustrious Heart would not satisfy her Ambition; and were she assur'd of it, I dare believe *Lovisa* wou'd prefer you in her esteem, not only to *Lodowick* but even to all the World. Yet still either a favourable opportunity was wanting, or his fears how *Lovisa* might receive a Declaration of Love prevented him; and poor *Emilius* languish'd on.

Bileront met, one day, *Lovisa*, in a private Garden, belonging to the Palace, in quest of a Favourite Female Friend; who, she was told, was gone to walk there. Meeting *Bileront*, she ask'd him if he had seen her; *Bileront* had just left the Prince *Emilius* alone, in a Grotto; and straight resolv'd, without much consideration, to send his Mistress to him. Accordingly he directed this fair Lady thither; tells her very confidently, her Friend was there. The Prince started as she enter'd the Grotto, and *Lovisa* leapt back, with the surprize;

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surprize ; both blush'd at this unexpected Rencounter ; till *Lovisa*, taking it only for a trick of that young Lord ; recollected her self, and smiling told *Emilius* ; she wou'd be reveng'd on *Bileront* ; nay , said she, pleasantly, your Highness ought to join with me , since he occasion'd this interruption of your thoughts. Madam (return'd he bowing) you you might much more properly call it, an Elevation of thoughts, for I assure they were full of you , in Courts, in Camps , in Cells , in Grotto's. Answer'd that fair one , in a pretty Heroick tone : *Emilius* is still the same ; all Compliment ; all Rhetorick. Yet not so to all , replies the Prince, looking passionately upon her , 'tis only *Lovisa* merits more , much more, then I can say were my tongue immortal and Tun'd to nought but praise. Ah ! sit *Lovisa* , and hear the State of poor *Emilius's* Heart lest you find too late how fatally I was in earnest.

Lovisa

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Lovisa still smiling, said; 'Ha!
'it seems the Plot lyes deeper than I
'imagin'd. I am to believe your
'Highness is in love, am I not, to
'help the Jest? The Prince vex'd to
see the real Language of his heart
turn'd into raillery: threw himself
at her feet; and spoke with a moving
Air, thus. 'If to have you the
'perpetual Image of my waking
'thoughts; or when I sleep the
'charming Vision of my Dreams:
'if it be greater pleasure to hide me
'from the inquiring World, that I
'may shut out all but you, to fancy
'joys in you beyond the Crowns the
'united Universe cou'd give: to draw
'it Hell without you: to sigh, and
'wish, and tremble, when I hear
'you named; if this be love, I'm sure
'I am in love.

Lovisa rising, and viewing the
kneeling Prince, with a becoming
Majesty, said, 'Remember, Sir, as
'you are born a Prince, so I descend
'from the same Line; my Soul as
great

Or Innocence Betray'd. 137

'great as yours ; therefore , if you
'vainly think , depending on your
'Birth, the conquest easie; and I with
'open Arms must receive your offer'd
'love : I say you are much deceiv'd ;
'for whilst there are Monasteries, or
'distant Kingdoms, to the Earth's
'Verge I'll fly, rather then meet
'with Arrogancy ; instead of that
'respect, which humble Love Cre-
'ates. Am I arrogant ? (reply'd
'the passionate Prince) when prostrate
'at your feet I Lye ? Carry these
'dying Eyes a look of pride ? Blasted
'be the Honours of my Birth unless
'it helps me forward in my Love !
'And for yours to me , you are a
'Queen, a Goddess. Rise, my Lord;
Lovisa interrupts him ; I have heard
enough. This is a strange Theme ;
forget it Prince ; indulge not such
desires, destructive to your Peace, and
never like to be fulfill'd. ' Were I,
said the Prince (as he lead her out of
the Grove) ' so wretched ; convinc'd
'that destiny must attend me ; Life
'so,

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‘so, tormenting I wou’d not bear too,
 ‘long. They had walk’d but a few
 paces, when they met *Bileront*, and
 the Lady *Lovisa* wanted, whom *Bi-*
leront had entertain’d, that she might
 not disturb *Emilius*. The Count soon
 read in both their Faces, the Minutes
 had not been spent in common talk.
 Many Weeks this Amorous Prince
 employ’d in trying to perswade *Lo-*
visa, that he lov’d her above all
 Earthly things; yet had obtain’d no
 more than a bare permission to tell
 her this, whenever opportunity fa-
 vour’d.

The Court was, all this while, ig-
 norant of the Amour; they knew
 there was a Cabal of Wits, and
 thought *Emilius* only went often for
 the sake of the Conversation. Love’s
 an unexhausted Spring; and still hath
 something more to say; nor cou’d
 the Prince be satisfy’d with short Dis-
 courses, stollen at Windows, or got
 some moments, before other Com-
 pany came. He long’d for whole
 hours,

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hours, and fancy'd, if he had time enough, he might move her heart to pity. To that end, he sent *Bileront* (whom *Lovisa* had given him leave to make his Confident) with this Letter (said *Francisco*, pulling out the Copy :)

Emilius to the fair Lovisa.

IF you have not Cruelly resolv'd my Death (thou dear unequall'd Charmer) grant me an hour when my longing Eyes may gaze without Controul; where I may throw me at the feet of my adorable, and say a thousand thousand tender things, that Love, like mine, inspires. I do not ask a pitying word, or a kind look, in answer to my sighs; I only beg a hearing, that sure the nicest Vertue will allow; since Virtue guides, and honour dictates every Wish that fills the heart of your poor wounded Slave.

Emilius.

Lovisa

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Lovisa was hard to be prevail'd on, for this private interview; but the faithful Count pleaded, with so much Zeal, for his Amorous Friend, that the fair one almost compell'd, yielded; and gave *Emilius* leave, after his formal good night, to return with *Bilemont* a back way; into her Closet. *Lovisa* also brought the Partner of her heart, a dear lov'd Friend. When the Prince came, the Lady and *Bilemont* retir'd to the farther end of the Closet. Cou'd any Man win a heart only with the silent Language of the Eyes, sure 'twas *Emilius*; for, in his, *Lovisa* might plainly read Sparkling Joy, for the permission she had given him to see her; yet intermix'd with so much awe, and fear; that the charming confusion show'd, her love had taught him, to forget he e'er was born a Prince. And Ambition's Lessons prompted him no farther, than to become her Slave. His words were soft as flakes of falling Snow, his person lovely; who then can
blame.

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blame that charming Maid, if she
forgot her rigour, and heard, with
pleasure. He kneel'd, and snatch'd
her beauteous hand, and printed
these his Vows. 'He said, he lov'd
'her more, much more than Life.
'Oh! (went he on) were all the
'pleasures of my past Years cramm'd
'into one happy hour, 'twould not
'reach the least part of the Raptures,
'this blest Moment gives; this dear
'important *Now*. If then to have
'but one Minute, when I dare call
'you Mine, fills my Heart with such
'Content; what would a Week,
'what would a Year, an Age? Oh I
'fear the Cordial wou'd prove too
'strong; and I shou'd dye with Joy.
'These Imaginary Visions (returns
'*Lovisa* gravely) exceed Love's real
'Joys. Love, like a Course Picture
'set in an advantageous light, at di-
'stance we admire, and gaze with
'wonder, but when nearer to our
'view, a hundred unthought of
'faults appear; and the imperfect
'daubing's

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'daubing's seen. Ah! No; there's
 'nothing but perfection here, cry'd
 'he transported, and grasping her
 'hand) I long, (said he, looking
 'earnestly on her) to break Condi-
 'tions. I promis'd not to ask a look or
 'word of pity, yet my Soul is on the
 'Rack, to know how your heart is
 'towards me. If constant love can
 'ever gain admittance there; if you
 'can ever feel a warmth; I do not
 'hope that it will burn and rage like
 'mine. I must not, dare not hear
 'you (*Lovisa* stops him) yet I am
 'well; but who knows not, 'tis
 'dangerous, Prince, listening to words
 'like these. Why (said *Emilius* in a
 'moving tone;) where lies the dan-
 'ger? Heaven grant they prove in-
 'fectious; and you Catch but the
 'same pleasing Fever possesses me.
 'If I shou'd (returns *Lovisa* blush-
 'ing) if I shou'd (not that I do in-
 'cline my Ear, to the soft story of
 'your Love) place you first in my
 'esteem, and suffer my Virgin
 'thoughts

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' thoughts sometimes to be employ'd
' on you ; and after this , an offer'd
' Princess (state interest) takes you
' from me : where shou'd I hide my
' blushing face ? For then, not An-
' gels Eloquence shou'd e'er perswade
' me to behold false men again. E-
' milius answer'd with Vehemence,
' By all my hopes, were there an Em-
' press, who brought the conquer'd
' World her dower ; and beautiful
' as painted Deity ; me she wou'd
' not move. You do not know *Emi-*
' *lius*, nor Punishments, nor Pleasures
' prevail, when I am resolv'd. *Lovisa*
wou'd hear no more , nor cou'd she
force him from her, till he obtain'd a
Promise , in a little time, to receive
the same favour, such another Audi-
ence ; and that procur'd another. In
short, the Prince, a thousand ways,
so tenderly express'd his Love, that
Lovisa was content he shou'd disco-
ver his Passion was not disagreeable,
that her Sentiments were kind ;
though Nicety deny'd her words to
express it. Mean

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Mean time, Count *Lodowick* laid close Siege; the Dutchess thought it a good Match; her Uncle press'd her hard on his behalf; but she was deaf to all; nor had scarce Patience to obey the Dutchess, in letting him see her; Yet this disturb'd *Emilius*; he hated, *Lodowick* shou'd view her, with such greedy Eyes; or have the privilege to Visit her alone. As he was one Night in *Lovisa's* Closet, complaining of this, that fair one chid him, and said, 'She fear'd he was 'naturally Jealous; since he saw *Lodowick* was her aversion, and that all 'she did was by compulsion, yet still 'he was displeas'd. 'Tis that compulsion, answer'd the Prince, with 'a sigh, I fear; if you should be forc'd 'to Marry him (Heaven avert that 'thought!) what would then become 'of wretched me? No, No, My 'Lord (return'd *Lovisa*) though I 'am not a Man, yet I am Mistress of 'such resolutions, that I'll never 'Marry *Lodowick*. There is one way
' (said

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(said the Prince kneeling, and turning pale, for fear of Angring her) one way secures my fears, and makes me blest above all humane kind. What's that, says *Lovisa*, surpris'd? I dare not tell you (returns the Prince) unless you'll promise not to be displeas'd, nor think that I presum'd too far, and make too bold a Suit, encourag'd by the favours I to your pity owe. Since I know, said *Lovisa*, (with a reserv'd look) Prince *Emilius* will not ask, but what's within the strictest Rules of Honour; I give you free liberty to speak. *Emilius* trembled as he spoke, and clasping her lov'd Knees, 'Wou'd you, said he, but 'let the Priest before these two (pointing to the aforementioned Lady and *Billeront*, who were in the Closet) join our hands, knit that Sacred Knot, which only Death unties; then all my fears wou'd be remov'd. Know you the raging temper of the Duke (saith *Lovisa*, raising him) and ask you this without

H

' his

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‘his consent, or knowledge? No,
 ‘let it suffice, I ne’er will be anothers;
 ‘and let us wait till fate will smile,
 ‘and Crown our Wishes without
 ‘danger.

‘Then my fair Life will venture
 ‘nothing on the score of Love, when
 ‘I’d forego a Crown for her (said he
 ‘passionately) Oh! satisfy my fears;
 ‘give me but the Marriage Vow;
 ‘I’ll beg no more: At this awful di-
 ‘stance still remain; nor offer at the
 ‘Crown of all my Joys, your Bed,
 ‘till the Fate, you speak of, smiles;
 ‘till there’s not the least shadow of a
 ‘danger. *Lovisa* told him, she durst
 ‘not resolve on a thing of such a
 ‘Consequence, lest he, or she, or
 ‘both hereafter should repent; but
 ‘against the next meeting she would
 ‘consider, and bad him rest assur’d,
 ‘all *Lodowick’s* Efforts were vain. A
 few days after this there happen’d a
 sad accident which alter’d the face of
 all things, in that Court; the Eldest
 Prince of *Parma* dyed suddenly, of an
 Imposthume.

Or Innocence Betray'd. 147

Imposthume. You may imagine the fright and confusion the Court was in ; and that decency confin'd *Emilius* to his Closet ; yet in the midst of his Grief, he was not unmindful of his Love ; but sent *Bileront*, with a Letter, which contain'd these words.

Emilius to his Dearest Life Lovisa.

THE Lamented untimely Fate of the departed Prince, my Brother, fills my Soul with Grief ; and that I may not have a Glimpse of Joy ; I dare not yet see my fairest Mistress. But, Oh ! Believe, Lovisa, no vicissitude of Fortune has power to lessen Love. My Death only ends the Passion vowed by

Yours,

Emilius.

A short Postscript beg'd a line to bless his Solitude : She taking her Pen, while *Bileront* staid, wrote thus :

H 2

Lovisa

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Lovisa to the Prince Emilius.

*AH! Prince! why do you still persist
in my Undoing: the distance was
too great before, now the Ducal Crown
hangs near your Brow: Court Glory,
that's the Brighter Mistress; and gives
Reward beyond the Power of*

Poor Lovisa.

The Prince was tenderly touch'd
with the kind Doubts of his Beloved,
and in a short time visited her, re-
newed his ardent Vows of Constancy,
and Endless Faith. Whilst *Lodowick*,
whose Glass told him he was not Un-
handsome; who Danc'd well, Drest
well, had all the Perfections of a
Young, Empty, Airy Courtier; and
Master of a vast Estate; raged to be
Repuls'd in his first Amour. One day
he grew so importunate to know the
Cause of her Aversion; that she re-
sented it; and told him sharply, he
was

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was Troublesome ; and were it not for the Commands of those, whom Reverence taught her to Obey ; she had, long e'er that, forbid him her sight. He Answer'd warmly, with an Air too haughty for a Lover: I see too well your scorn ; but I fain would find (what 'tis said, we can't in Woman) a Reason for't. Is your heart made of that impenetrable Mould, that Sighs and Prayers are vain Batteries ; or doth some hidden happy Youth rob me of my desir'd Prize ? She blusht at that, and he observ'd it. Ah ! 'tis so ; (went he on) your conscious Blushes reveal it. If I blush (return'd she, with a look full of Anger and Disdain) 'tis at your Rudeness. Go---- You are Insolent ! Durst your conceal'd Lover call me so (said he, throughly nettled ;) I cou'd Answer him. As he spoke the last words *Emilius* enter'd, and hearing 'em so loud, he stopt. When *Lodowick* turn'd to go away, *Emilius* came up to him, and looking fiercely on him,

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said, 'Is this like a Man of Honour,
 'to be Noisy in a Ladies Chamber!
 'I say 'tis Insolent, and Brutal.
 'Now your Answer you threaten'd--
 'Not to my Country's Heir (return'd
 'he, Bowing) nor dare I contend for
 'a Jewel, my Prince lays Claim to.
 Soon as he had said this, he went out.
 'Ah! what have you done? (Cry'd
 '*Lovisa*, looking with a Melancholy
 'sweetness on him) this flies like
 'Lightening, through the Court, and
 'I must never see you more! Never
 'see me more (answer'd he eagerly)
 'Oh! I must ever see you; nor can
 'it be conceal'd! My Eyes, my
 'Tongue betray it. How often, un-
 'awares, I start; mistaking every
 'Name for yours! My longing looks
 'devour your Charms; my Sighs re-
 'double at your sight; and every
 'Motion shows the Fires of my Soul!
 'Oh! I'll cast me at my Obdurate
 'Father's Feet; nor leave his Sacred
 'Knee, 'till he has given you to my
 'Wishes. Flatter not your self with
 'vain

Or Innocence Betray'd. 151

vain Idea's (said she, sadly ;) The
Duke, I know, will never yield ;
and my Foreboding Heart whis-
pers, this is the last time we e'er
shall meet in Peace.

Am I thus Blest (cry'd the Tran-
sporting Prince) to perceive such a
concern at the detested Thoughts of
Parting ! My, once severe, but now
more Charming Fair ! What shall I
say, or how Express my Joys ! *Lo-
visa*, who had hastily discover'd more
of her Heart, than she design'd ; felt
her lovely Face glow with Blushes ;
and walking from the Prince, a great
Glass more plainly show'd her this
disorder. *Emilius* following, smil'd
to see the becoming Confusion that
Excellent Maid was in. And forget-
ting that it was the publick Room of
State, and the hour of Visiting ;
Caught her hand, and kist it with a
happy Lover's Ardency ; whilst two
or three Ladies enter'd. The equal
surprize of that Amorous Pair, con-
firm'd it to be more than a common

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piece of Gallantry. However the Ladies, out of Respect, took no notice of it there; but once remov'd, the Blaze was set abroad which *Lodowick* began; and it was grown the only News the Court was full of. Every Body had got the story, Prince *Emilius* Ador'd *Lovisa*; and happy was she could first Communicate it to her Friend. The Duke was last inform'd, because all lov'd the Prince, and fear'd his being displeas'd. At length an old Courtier, one who had liv'd even past the remembrance of his Youth, thought this Match inconvenient, and politically resolv'd to tell him. He heard the Relation with a fierceness beyond that which his own rugged nature gave. 'Unthinking, Unambitious Boy! said he (just as the other finish'd) 'have I, for this, with pains obtain'd 'to bless his Nuptial Bed with *Isabella*, 'the wealthy Princess of *Mantua*; 'and doth the idle Slave to his Passions, worship the fading Beauties of a
' Bauble;

Or Innocence Betray'd. 153

‘Bauble; whilst the choicest Jewel
‘of a Crown is offer’d? With this,
he flew to the Apartment of the
Dutchess. His Eyes carried Rage,
that every cringing Courtier shrunk
into a Corner; and durst not meet
their Fury. The mild, and ever gen-
tle Dutchess, trembled at his sight, be-
fore she heard the story. When with
Frowns ushering in his words, he
thus began: ‘You, Madam, I sup-
‘pose, have fondl’d up your Son to
‘this, like a true Mother; but un-
‘like my Wife indulg’d his humours,
‘till inevitable ruine has got within
‘his grasp. Nor wou’d you yet cry
‘hold! rather than your Child shou’d
‘grow uneasy, give it the Poyson. I
‘thought your Son haunted your A-
‘partments not to learn the Rudi-
‘ments of Honour; they are seldom
‘to be found amongst the Women!
‘Alas, my Lord! (interrupts him the
‘Affrighted Dutchess) I know not
‘what you mean! No, no; (went
‘he on) you have not conniv’d, nay,

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' perhaps, desir'd that Rebellious Boy
 ' *Emilius*, to make Love to your fair
 ' Favourite *Lovisa*! But, mark me,
 ' Madam! For by Heaven I swear,
 ' let this be remedy'd, or you will
 ' find the consequence will give you
 ' cause to tremble! I know the Maid
 ' is Virtuous (said that good Lady,
 ' with all imaginable Mildness;) her
 ' Birth is Noble, since her Blood is
 ' mixt with yours: but, that my Son,
 ' or *Loves*, or Courts her, witness
 ' the Heaven you swore by, I know
 ' not. My Blood! (replies he, all in-
 ' rag'd) the stream has run too far;
 ' and all that's Royal is lost! But
 ' were she my Brother's Daughter,
 ' and a Bar to my designs made me
 ' retrench my words, or promise gi-
 ' ven: Cloyster, or Death shou'd
 ' force the stubborn Girl; and set the
 ' way clear before me. Therefore I
 ' charge you, School your Son, and
 ' dispose of her; else I, who have
 ' been the Partner of your Bed these
 ' Thirty Years, will ever after prove
 ' a Stran-

Or Innocence Betray'd. 155

' a Stranger and a Foe ! This said, he left the weeping Dutchess.

Poor *Emilius* was just going to his Mother, there to open all his heart ; and beg her kind Assistance to mollify his Father. He sent *Bileront* before humbly to pray the Dutchess, she wou'd, in her Cabinet, hear him on a subject, that was to him important. *Bileront* streight return'd, and told the expecting Prince, the Duke was gone thither with an angry Brow. *Emilius* fear'd the worst, and staid conceal'd till the Duke return'd ; then going to the Dutchess, in her melting Eyes, he reads his Fate ; and stood a while immoveable. That sweet Princess no sooner beheld her Son look so pale, and deeply sad, but her Tears increas'd. For the Duke had rightly charg'd her in that particular : She excelling most Mothers in Fondness. The Prince first broke silence ; and respectfully askt her, if he might know what his Father had done, to cause those Sorrows ? First Answer
me

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me (says the Mourning Dutches)
are you so Unhappy to love *Lovisa*?
Pardon me, my Mother (said *Emi-*
lius in a moving tone) nor call me
Unhappy, in loving, and being be-
lov'd, by that Virtuous, all-deserving,
Noblest Maid! This Declaration
touched the Dutches nearly; and
she, word for word, told that des-
pairing Prince, what his Incensed Fa-
ther had sworn. ' Therefore (addèd
' that Wise, yet tender Mother) quit
' thou thy unauspicious Love, before
' the threatn'd storm comes on: it
' hangs just breaking o'er our Heads;
' and if thou persist, falls upon
' all. Quit my Love! (answers the
' Prince passionately) Ah! Madam!
' E'er you resolve to be obey'd,
' please to hear, how great a Villain
' you wou'd make your then abject
' Son! *Lovisa*, most perfect of her
' Sex, by nature reserv'd and cold,
' unapt to Love; One, who lays not
' out her wondrous stock of Charms,
' to catch at Hearts; but declines
' her

Or Innocence Betray'd. 157

her modest Eyes; nor Triumphs,
nor rejoices in her Conquests. This
I saw, and lov'd her for't; pursu'd
her with a Passion violent and un-
feign'd: I sigh'd, I kneel'd, I
pray'd; nay, quite Unmann'd, I
even Wept before her. She saw, I
joy'd in nothing but her sight: My
alter'd Face show'd the pangs, my
aching heart indur'd. Mov'd at last,
she kindly heal'd my Suffering with
gentle pity. And shall I quit the
dear relenting Saint? I, who drew
her to love's bewitching Mischiefs,
against her Inclinations, almost for-
cing her tender heart, guarded with
an aversion to Mankind, now shall
I quit her? Oh! never! sooner I'd
quit my Birthright, turn Lunatick,
Naked travail the inhospitable
World; feel first the distracting
grief needs must seize my Dear one,
thou'd I prove so basely Wicked to
forsake her? Leave me (said that
tormented Mother) for this but in-
creases the Woe, that my heart is
already

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‘already too full of. The Dutcheſs
 ſeeing the Prince thus obſtinate, re-
 ſolves to try a gentler ſubject. He be-
 ing gone, ſhe ſent a Page of Honour,
 to call *Loviſa* to her. That Noble
 Maid had heard nothing of theſe Di-
 ſturbances; and readily obey’d; en-
 tering the Cabinet with a chearful
 Countenance. But when ſhe ſaw the
 Dutcheſſes ſorrow, her heart ſunk
 downwards, and ſhe appear’d juſt
 ſuch another Statue, as the Unfortu-
 nate *Emilius* did before. ‘Come near,
 ‘my Charming Charge (ſaid the
 ‘Diſconſolate Dutcheſs;) thy dying
 ‘Mother left thee to my Care. Have
 ‘I not been careful of thee? Speak
 ‘boldly, *Loviſa*, and accuſe me if I
 ‘utter any untruth! Royal Madam
 ‘(answer’d the kneeling fair) were I
 ‘to recount the Favours you have
 ‘done, and I receiv’d, long hours
 ‘wou’d unheeded paſs; and yet the
 ‘obliging ſtory not half be finiſhed.
 ‘Here, near your own Apartments,
 ‘Lodg’d, Honour’d, Lov’d, and
 ‘ſmil’d.

Or Innocence Betray'd. 159

smil'd upon, as if I had been your
Daughter. Rise (reply'd the Dutch-
ess) and if your Son is grateful,
now's the time that you, by one
great Act, may Cancel all these Ob-
ligations, and leave me eternally
your Debtor. Then conclude it done
(return'd *Lovisa*) were it to Sacri-
fice the quiet of my future days, I'd
live my self in Torment to give my
Princess Ease. My Son ---- Nay
blush not my *Lovisa*, I know it all,
nor, were I disposer of his Fate,
wou'd hinder the Alliance. Thy
Beauty, and Brighter Virtue, de-
serves a Crown; deserves *Emilius*:
But, Oh! his Father, whose Rage
like Madness, curst with Power,
knows no Bounds; whilst the poor
Youth fixt to thy Charms, and fond
to Death of Thee, never will Obey.
Think then the end of this Rebelli-
on's Murder; thy ravag'd Country's
Bowels torn; Thou the fatal *Hellen*
that sets the World on Fire. Reply
not (went the Dutchess on) I know
you

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'you did not foresee all this, when
 'first *Emilius*, with a Lover's Eager-
 'ness, breathed his warm sighs a-
 'round you, woe'd to the sweets of
 'Love---Thou Weepst, *Lovisa*, and
 'I pity thee; I my self have felt thy
 'Sorrows; torn from my Virgin
 'Wishes; Compell'd by Parents to
 'wed this Duke; I took my reason
 'to aid, and time o'ercame it; so
 'may you, if you will hotly strive.
 'Instruct me, Madam, (all drown'd
 'in tears, *Lovisa* cry'd) Instruct me,
 'Madam, for I am at a loss. The
 'Heart of my *Emilius* is Heroick (said
 'the Dutches) and force is lost up-
 'on him: 'tis you only have Power
 'to charm him to Obedience. Take
 'then your choice, be greater than a
 'Sovereign Princess; Rule your Pas-
 'sions, let your looks deny what's
 'acting in your heart; and tell *Emi-*
 '*lius*, that your alter'd Soul abhors
 'his Love; else unite with my Un-
 'happy Son, and meet destructive
 'ruine both. *Lovisa* wiping her fair
 Eyes,

Or *Innocence Betray'd*. 161

'Eyes, and looking as if she cou'd
'accuse the cruel Powers : No ----
'the Prince shall not for me be
'ruin'd ; at least I'll do my best,
'he shan't (said she.) To morrow,
'with your Highnesses leave, I'll see
'him ; and after that, I hope, you'll
'have no just cause to blame me. Go,
'my best Girl, (return'd the Dutch-
'ess) and as an earnest of thy truth,
'see not my Son to night ; I know
'he'll long to tell thee all his Woes,
'but listen not to the sad story, 'twill
'melt thy best resolve, and leave thee
'Spiritless. *Lovisa* took her leave,
and promis'd the Dutchess what she
desir'd. At the usual hour, Distress'd
Emilius sent Count *Bileront* the well
known way to gain admittance to his
Beloved ; but was surpriz'd when he
brought him back word, she was not
to be seen ; not well, and gone to
Bed. Not well ; and gone to Bed.
(repeated the Prince) return, my
Friend, and tell her I have Business
of Importance. Oh ! she has heard
the

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the Unlucky Story ; and now , in Anger will not see me ! Tell her I am Innocent ; tell her I cannot live beneath my Griefs , unless the dear sight of her support me. To please the Prince, that faithful Friend went, and came again with the same Answer. The Prince was vex'd , only he comforted himself , that, if she wou'd not see him privately , he before the World , resolv'd to profess his Endless Love. Next day, as he and *Bileront* were walking in the private Grove, his surprize was augmented, when *Lovisa's* Page accosted them, and said his Lady desir'd instantly to speak with them both. As they cross'd the Court which leads to *Lovisa's* Lodgings, the Prince observ'd her Coach and Attendance stand ready. His Heart misgave him, though he knew not why. When they came up, they found her sitting in her Closet, with her fair Friend, who was always her lov'd Companion ; both dress'd in Habits for a Journey.

Or Innocence Betray'd. 163

Journey. *Lovisa's* Eyes were full of Majesty and Resolution. Love, overaw'd durst not peep, nor show a beam of pity. 'I sent for you (began 'the Life of all *Emilius's* Joys, in a 'tone far different from the usual 'sweetness :) I sent for you here before these two the constant Witnesses of all our Follies past; to give 'you back your Vows, to free you 'from the luckless Chains you chose. 'Recall your ill-plac'd Love, the hasty 'error of your Youth, and think of 'it no more. *Emilius* view'd her with a piercing air, and falling at her feet; the posture his humble Love had often us'd him to: 'In vain, said 'he, in vain you give me back, what 'I can never take. What have I 'done? Why am I doubly punish'd, 'with my Father's frowns, and yours? 'When I, but in thought, consent to 'what he offers, may some God to 'you reveal that thought; and may 'you then for ever, justly look as 'cruelly as now. I stand prepar'd
' (said

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‘ (said *Lovisa*) for all that you can say,
 ‘ foreseeing the horrid ills that may
 ‘ accrew, if we should follow the
 ‘ blind track, rash, inconsiderate
 ‘ Love wou’d lead us. Therefore,
 ‘ obey your Father, Espouse the Prin-
 ‘ cess *Isabella* --- Ha! (begun the
 ‘ Prince) I beg you --- interrupt me
 ‘ not (went she on) If you’ll do this,
 ‘ I instantly will go and remain with
 ‘ my Uncle, *Don Alvarez*, till this
 ‘ discourse, which buzzes thus in
 ‘ every busy Mouth, is hush’d. I’ll
 ‘ still preserve you in my heart; I’ll
 ‘ see you when I may with honour;
 ‘ and my Friendship shall excel vul-
 ‘ gar Love --- Yet I have not done
 ‘ (she perceiving him go to speak)
 ‘ if you agree not to what I’ve said,
 ‘ at least consent; then I, this very
 ‘ moment, will drive directly to St.
 ‘ *Clare*, the next adjacent Monastery,
 ‘ be straight immur’d, Probation year
 ‘ and all; nor will I ever hear, see,
 ‘ or, if possible, think of *Emilius*
 ‘ more. Do not hope Prayers or
 ‘ Tears

Or Innocence Betray'd. 165

'Tears can stir me ---- May Poverty,
'Diseases, loss of Fame attend me, if
'one jot I vary or change from what
'I've vow'd! This is not sure, the
'ever gentle Goddess, I thus long
'have Worshippt (said the Prince with
'Eyes all languishing) some Tygress
'hath usurpt the Face of my Adora-
'ble; and form'd those cruel words,
'I last have heard! *Lovisa* rising,
and making a sign to the other Lady,
who was to go with her, to be ready,
hastily catching hold of her Gown,
'*Lovisa*, (says he) my Life! See, *Bi-*
'*leront*! See! How have I Dreamt!
'not worth a Look! a Sigh, a part-
'ing Word to think upon! Ah,
'Prince! (return'd that Self-con-
'straining Maid) shou'd I give the
'Deluge way, it would o'erwhelm
'me! Go, inexorable, go; (said the
'Prince, letting loose his hold) my
'Death I'm sure you'll bear as Un-
'concern'd as this! For I feel greater
'Pangs, than bitterest Death could
'bring; though drest in new inven-
'ted

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‘ted Tortures ; exceeding all the
‘old. Oh ! Wrong me not (said she
‘passionately) to that degree ! Be-
‘lievest thou I am unconcern’d ? Oh !
‘No ! I share thy Agony, my Dear ;
‘my lov’d *Emilius* ! Take from my
‘Arms, the first, the last Embrace,
‘that e’er you’ll receive from your
‘*Lovisa* ! He claspt her to his heart,
and wou’d have spoke, but stifling
Joys o’ercame , and left him almost
Breathless on her Bosom : When, she,
fearing her *Virgin* Modesty had
yielded too far, work’d by the Prin-
ce’s Sorrows , and her Love ; start-
ed from his Arms ; and, swift as an
Arrow, pass’d the Chambers towards
the Coach. Scarce cou’d *Bileront*, and
‘the Lady o’ertake her.

Thus *Lovisa* left the Court of *Par-*
ma, and went directly towards the
Palace of her Uncle *Don Alvarez*,
which was many Leagues from
thence. When *Bileront* had put her
into the Coach , he return’d to the
Prince ; who , like one stupify’d,
leant

leant against a Cabinet. *Bileront*
 rous'd him, and begg'd he'd go; be-
 cause the Servants wou'd observe
 him. He, by his Friend's perswasion,
 almost insensibly remov'd from her
 Closet to his own; then throwing
 himself upon the Floor, he said all a
 violent despair cou'd prompt. 'Prin-
 ces harder brook to have their
 'wishes cross than other Men; their
 'Birth, their Education flatter 'em;
 'the World was made for them. *Emi-*
 '*milius* was young, his desires fierce,
 'his Mistress fair; and, what pierc'd
 'deepest, willing, on Honourable
 'Terms, to grant the long'd for
 'Bliss. The old Duke, who thought
 a great point gain'd in *Lovisa's* being
 remov'd; left him to himself a while,
 in hopes he'd Conquer these Relu-
 ctancies, and prove Obedient: but
 he, wholly given up to Melancholy,
 found the Passionate Thoughts, that
 possess'd his Love-sick Mind, too en-
 tertaining to be dismiss'd. His Cabi-
 net and Closet-walks, where none
 but

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but Faithful *Bileront* gain'd admittance, took up most of his hours. When he was forc'd to appear, his Eyes carry'd the marks of his discontent; his words were few, and spoken, as if his Mind was still on something else.

The Duke perceiving *Emilius* indulg'd his Passion, and yielded to his Bonds, instead of struggling to get loose, sent for him, and beginning mildly said, 'I well hop'd, my Son, 'that before this, reduc'd by reason, 'you wou'd have acknowledg'd your 'Failings; rendr'd me just Gratitude, 'in a thankful Obedience. ---- Open 'your blinded Eyes, and view the 'dazling glory of an Illustrious Birth, 'and Royal Fortune. Is a subject to 'be prefer'd to Her? Far be it from 'me (reply'd the Prince, respectfully) to derogate from the Princess 'of *Mantua*: She may be, for ought 'I know, a Miracle. Wou'd my Royal 'Father permit me not to injoy my 'Wishes, that were too mighty for
' my

Or Innocence Betray'd. 169

'my hopes ; only leave me but free
'from others , as I am debarr'd from
'her I love : That's the humble All
'I ask !

This was not what the Duke expected ; and as it was constraint on him, to make use of Mildness, like a Bow bent backwards , he impetuously returns to Rage. ' Says he (looking sternly) ' Am I to be thus 'dallyed with , Foolish Boy ? Prepare to Execute what I Command, 'with readiness ; lest my Resentment, great as thy Folly , reach 'thee ! An Extraordinary Ambassadour is now dispatching, with my 'last Orders for the Court of *Mantua* ; 'I'll send the Articles to be by you 'perus'd, and expect your Letters ; 'Letters fit for *Emilius* to write, and ' *Isabella* to receive. ' Command my 'Life, (Answers that Afflicted Prince, 'kneeling) and without a murmur, 'I'll Obey. Alas ! Sir, I respect the 'Princess *Isabella* more than you ; I 'wou'd not betray her to Faithless
I Arms,

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' Arms, where she must ever meet
 ' with Coldness, Neglect, nay Ha-
 ' tred, instead of Conjugal Affection.
 ' Thou stubborn Fool (retorts the
 ' Duke, in a furious tone) born for
 ' my Curse, and thy own Undoing!--
 ' but I shall find a way, at least, to
 ' Plague thee, if thou dar'st refuse the
 ' offer'd Blessing. By Heaven! ----
 ' I'll have thy Mistress Poyson'd, or
 ' else try'd for a Witch, and so Con-
 ' demn'd! Her Sorceries have ruin'd
 ' thee! Dost thou not fear me? As I
 ' am a Man, (reply'd the Prince, ri-
 ' sing and looking with a becoming
 ' Bravery) and (what's yet more)
 ' your Son; my Soul has still a stran-
 ' ger been to fear! heap tortures on
 ' my disobedient Head! Cast me from
 ' your sight, and Throne: nought
 ' that's Unmanly; nought that's Se-
 ' ditious shall appear in all my Suf-
 ' ferings. With Patience, I'll renounce
 ' all the glorious Honours that my
 ' Birth provides; forsaking all at your
 ' Command: all but my Unhappy
 ' Love;

Or Innocence Betray'd. 171

'Love ; whom I am sure , what e'er
'you have said, you will not wrong.
'Princes shou'd not extend their
'Power to hurt the Innocent, or force
'their Laws Interpreters to find out
'Crimes where there are none ; and
'punish where they shou'd reward !
'Go from my sight (cries the Angry
Duke!) Blot and Contagion of my
'Blood ! --- And if thou dost not Re-
'pent, and with my Will comply ;
'unheard of Curses o'er take you ! ---
'You, and your dear Destruction,
'*Lovisa!*

The Lords , that saw the Prince
pass through the Anti-Chambers,
from his Father, perceiv'd additional
Vexations in his Face. Many, who
lov'd him, wou'd have follow'd ; but
he forbid them all , and enter'd his
Cabinet alone.

Bileront no sooner heard of his
new Discontents ; but making use of
what the Prince's Favour had al-
low'd, a Key he had of the Closet ;
without Commission ventur'd to dis-

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sturb him. Good Heavens ! what sorrows touch'd that Compassionate Lord ; when he beheld the same Hero, whom he had seen foremost Charge the Turkish Troops , and last Retreat ; now extended on the ground ; giving way to Griefs scarce fit to be recited of the great *Emilius* ! See, here (say'd he , casting his sad Eyes on *Bileront*) the destin'd Bridegroom ! the destin'd slave ! the People's Property ! Who for their pretended Interest , and a cruel Father's Arbitrary Will , must be , for ever, join'd to what he hates ; and lose the Brightest Blessing , the softest Good, that e'er Adorn'd the World ! Many, and tender were the Complaints *Emilius* pour'd into the Bosom of his lov'd Friend ; who comforted him with all the sweetness faithful Friendship cou'd Inspire.

Next day , the Duke sent the Articles of Marriage to his Son ; with Command that he shou'd examine them , and return his Answer. But

Emilius

Or Innocence Betray'd. 173

Emilius absolutely refus'd to look upon 'em. This gave fresh Rage to the already Incens'd Duke; and he resolv'd the Dutcheſs ſhou'd not loſe her ſhare of the vexation. Again he ſtorms at her; reiterates the cruel Vows of deep Revenge; whiſt that Diſtreſs'd Lady ſeeks to her lov'd Son in vain; who only Answers her Intreaties with far fetch'd Sighs, and looks of wild deſpair. She writes to *Loviſa*; and conjures her to ſtudy ſome means to oblige *Emilius* to yield.

The retir'd *Loviſa*, who poſſeſs'd her fill of Melancholy (though her Indulgent Uncle, fond as a Father, ſtudy'd to divert her) receiv'd this Letter, as the extended Malice of her Fate, that knew no end. And, far from joying at the Prince's Conſtancy, wept at the Miſchiefs her reſiſtleſs Eyes had caus'd. *Loviſa* knew *Emilius* was not naturally ſtubborn or Diſobedient; therefore in the movingeſt terms her Soul cou'd di-

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State ; (her desire and wishes for his real Good o'ercoming Love) she writ to him.

The Prince might more properly be said to be Immur'd, than Retir'd. For he permitted none to see him, except *Bileront*, and Servants, just necessary to wait on him. The Dutchess first receiv'd *Lovisa's* Letter ; and having perus'd it was pleas'd. She Seal'd it again, and gave it *Bileront* to deliver.

When *Emilius* saw *Lovisa's* hand, he kiss'd it eagerly ; and transported, cry'd, 'What Summons hath my 'Goddeſs ſent? Has ſhe kindly re-
'vers'd my Doom ; and given me
'leave to ſhare her Banishment? Oh!
'*Bileront* (went he on, his Eyes
ſparkling with the ſame Paſſion, his
heart was full of) 'Methinks I cou'd
'do wonders for my Love, wou'd
'ſhe conſent! With her, fly the ri-
gours of an Inexorable Father! Fly
'Ungrateful *Parma*! And in ſome
'peaceful Corner of the Globe, fix my
unimitable

Or Innocence Betray'd. 175

‘unimitable Fair ; whilst for the loss
‘of Crowns, Glory, Ambition, All,
‘bewitching, dear, delightful Love
‘makes up, and far excels. He open’d
the Letter, and *Bileront* saw his Coun-
tenance alter, as he read it ; that
short Beam of Joy which so lately
shone through his Face, Eclips’d with
blacker Clouds of sadness, than
‘before. ‘Read, my Lord, said the
‘Prince, for sure my Eyes, only us’d
‘to sorrow, transform the words of
‘Kindness into Cruelty ; even from
‘her.

Lovisa to the Prince Emilius.

*When will my Malignant Stars have
shed their Baneful Venome ? Re-
morless Heaven ! Must I with Justice
complain of Emilius ? Must he become
my greatest Persecutor ? And, by his
cruel Obstinacy, draw down the Curses of
late Posterity upon me ? Will no Retire-
ment but a Monastery, though never so
remote, prove an Asylum for this Tor-*

176 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*
tur'd Wretch? I've cause to think you
wish me in a Cloyster! Now Prince,
you shall have your desire! Conclude,
within few days, I am a Votaress! Since
you dislike the offers I made at parting;
since my Eternal Love promis'd as far as
Honour wou'd allow, on the Condition
of your Obedience, is not acceptable: My
next Task shall be, to banish you my
Heart! This is the last unalterable Re-
solve of

The Unfortunate
Lovisa.

After *Bileront* had ended the Letter, the Prince remain'd half an hour silent; then rising hastily from the Couch, where he had thrown himself, he took his Pen and wrote; and giving it to his Favourite, bid him carry it to the Dutcheß; saying, he suppos'd *Lovisa's* Letter came by her Approbation; and he hop'd she wou'd like the Answer. *Bileront* did as Com-manded, and the Dutcheß found these words.

Emilius

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Emilius to Lovisa.

BAnish'd Lovisa's Heart! That's a
punishment I cannot bear: Believe
me, Madam, I'd sooner chose to Reign
Absolute Monarch there, than over half
the Universe. But since the unrelenting
Fates deny, rather than be totally Ex-
pell'd, give me that cold Corner allow'd
for Friendship. Change your unjust
Design of Quitting the World, as I must
do the happy Name of your Adorer; to
that of

Your Eternal Friend
and Servant,

Emilius.

Think you my Son is real in this,
said the Dutches; I know not, Ma-
dam, (answer'd that young Lord)
Indeed, in my Opinion, his looks
discover a new Resolution. The
Dutches dispatch'd away her Letter;
and straight put the Duke upon send-
ing the Articles again to the Prince;
I 5 which

178 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

which he did ; and *Emilius* immediately sign'd them ; and said his Letters to the Princess , shou'd be ready, in a day or two. He appear'd publicly , look'd pleasantly ; and all, except *Bileront*, thought the Alteration unfeign'd. The eyes of Friendship, next to Love, are the most Prying. *Bileront* alone observ'd his stolen Sighs ; and those Absences of Mind , which so oft possess'd him. And meeting him opportunely , he with a concern'd obliging Air, began.

‘ What Breach of Faith have I been
 ‘ guilty of ; wherein offended , that
 ‘ my Lov'd Royal Master hides from
 ‘ me his Soul ; conceals from me, as well
 ‘ as all the World, the Grievs that Prey
 ‘ upon his Noble Heart ! Grievs (re-
 ‘ ply'd the Prince Ironically) I've
 ‘ none ; Am I not to Marry the *In-*
 ‘ *fant* ! There, Beauty, Wealth and
 ‘ Merit join to Bless my future Reign.
 ‘ Ah ! Prince (return'd *Bileront*) why
 ‘ will you use your Faithful servant
 ‘ thus ? I wou'd not press , nor wish

‘ to

Or Innocence Betray'd. 179

‘to know your secret thoughts,
‘but only in hopes to assist, to serve
‘you. Be satisfy’d (say’d the Prince,
‘going towards some Company, he
‘saw :) I conceal nothing from you,
‘or if I do ; ’tis because I’ll not In-
‘volve my Friend in the inevitable
‘Woes, ordain’d for me. *Bileront*,
could not answer then ; but he re-
solv’d to Watch him. That night
Letters for *Isabella* were to be deli-
ver’d to the Duke ; on the Pretext
of writing them, *Emilius* dismiss’d
his Attendance ; and shutting him-
self up in his Closet, said, when his
writing was over, he’d sleep the re-
maining part of the Night, upon
his Couch. *Bileront*, who heard
these Orders, hid himself behind a
loose piece of hanging, till the ser-
vants were all gone. Then steal-
ing along, he softly Unlock’d the
Closet Door. The Prince was writ-
ting, though not to *Isabella* ; he heard
Bileront stir and turning with a fu-
rious Aspect, ask’d who was there !

That

180 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

That Faithful Lord, affrighted to see
his Prince look so stern, cast himself
at his Feet; and, with Tears, im-
plor'd he might share his Fate. For
(said he) I'm sure you have deter-
min'd to abandon *Parma*, rather
than your Fair Mistress. The Prince
cou'd not but be sensibly touch'd to
see the sincere Affection of the Count;
and Raising him, said with a sigh,
why wilt thou not with Fortune,
leave the Wretched lost *Emilius*? I
am a Barque, that's Bound for sure De-
struction! All near must share the
Tempest; and meet the Face of
horrid Ruine! Did I like a Coward,
(Answer'd *Bilerant*) start from your
side in War; that I am now Dis-
carded? No, No! (return'd *E-*
milius) nor did I then Deny thy Go-
ing. Alas, Alas! It is not now the
Field of Honour, *Emilius* seeks!
Lethargick Love hath seiz'd my
Soul; and in a Cell I mean to Dream
away my Life! Endeavour not di-
swading me (went he on) showing
him

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him a *Cordelier's* Habit ; near these,
the only Robes, that I shall ever
wear, a Dagger lies ; if I'm preven-
ted, that sends me to a long Eter-
nal Sleep ! Therefore, if, out of Zeal
to my advantage, as thou think'st it,
this gets air, before I am past their
reach, they take me dead, my *Bile-*
ront, unalterable truth is in my
words ; thou may'st believe me. ' I
' do believe (said that Troubl'd Con-
' fident ;) and only beg to partici-
' pate. I can brook the solitude of a
' Cell, as well as my dear Lord ; nay
' the Court wou'd seem to me a De-
' sert, were you absent. No ; by
' our past Friendship, I conjure you,
' stay (returns the Prince) on that
' condition, I'll, to you alone, unfold
' what I've design'd. I'm inform'd,
' near the Palace of *Don Alvarez*, there
' stands a Monastery of the *Cordelier's*,
' thither I direct my steps ; speak
' once to my *Lovisa* ; then leaving
' *Parma*, Imbarque for *France* ; and
' in some Cloyster, I best shall like,
' end

182 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

‘end my wretched Days. I tell you
 ‘this (continu’d he, with a resolv’d
 ‘Countenance) and you know, what
 ‘I have sworn, if you discover it. I
 ‘am not us’d to faulter or break my
 ‘word; therefore, Dear *Bileront*, now
 ‘retire. I’ll send you word of my
 ‘abode in *France*; and shall accept
 ‘a Visit kindly. *Bileront* saw it then
 in vain to dissuade him, and having
 learnt where he went, design-
 ing to follow him, said nothing
 against it; only ask’d him, how he
 thought to get admittance amongst
 the Fathers. That Contrivance is
 Comical enough (returns the Prince;
 forcing a smile) for I have here
 (showing him a Letter) with my own
 Hand and Signet, recommended my
 self, as a Fryar of my Acquaintance.
 I have also a Compound to turn my
 Complexion Yellow; and a Powder
 to black my Eye-brows. All is ready;
 the Letter for the Duke my Father,
 and the Dutches; whose troubles
 for this concern me nearest. Once
 more,

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more, my Faithful Friend, Farewel, said he, Embracing *Bileront*; who unwillingly left him; satisfy'd in nothing, but his design to see him again before he parted from the Monastery of the *Cordeliers*. He gone, the Prince, about three a Clock in the Morning, taking the Habit with him, lest any of the Centry, seeing him like a *Cordelier*, shou'd give Information, when the hunt was made for him. He pass'd unobserv'd; or if any did see him, he was so us'd to walk early, and alone, that there was no notice taken of it. The first Thicket he reach'd, he pull'd off his own Upper Cloaths, and put on the Vestments of a Fryar, and tying a stone to his Coat, threw it into an adjacent River. You know, my Illustrious Auditors, (said *Francisco*) *Emilius* is a very Fair Man, his Eyes sweet, and his Hair very light; to alter which, he took his Compound, and washing his Face, and delicate Hands in it; appear'd just of a Sun-burnt Yellow. Then
blackening

184 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

blackening his Eyebrows, he lookt fo chang'd, his most intimate Friends cou'd not have known him. He had put up a considerable quantity of Gold; so, the first conveniency of riding he met with, he made use of; and pass'd securely; not so much as hearing any inquiry made after him. Being arriv'd at the Cloyster, and showing Prince *Emilius's* Letter, the good Fathers receiv'd him with infinite Civility. They observ'd him Melancholy, and unwilling to speak; and, out of Respect, askt him few Questions. He saw the Turrets of *Don Alvarez's* Palace; and after a repast had refresht him, he cou'd not forbear asking one of the Fathers to walk. He chose to go that way; and when near the House, the Palpitation of his Heart inform'd him how *Dear Lovisa* was. He ask'd the Father, who that Palace belong'd to; and being answer'd, as he expected, to *Don Alvarez*: I was told (said he) *Don Alvarez* was your Neighbour, and have a
 Message

Or Innocence Betray'd. 185

Message from the Prince to him, which I design to Morrow to deliver. We have a nearer way than this (said the Fryar) which leads us from our Orchard-Walls, through his Groves of Oranges and Jessamin, to his door. This pleas'd the Prince, and he soon retir'd; all Night revolving in his Love-possess'd Mind, how he shou'd speak with *Lovisa* alone. He, at length, concludes to deliver a Letter, as from *Emilius* to *Alvarez*; wherein the Prince shou'd desire him to let the *Cordelier* speak alone with *Lovisa*. Wisht Morning being come, our Royal *Cordelier* rose, and being by one of the Society directed, entred those Fragrant Groves: whose sweets, wafted by the early breeze, wou'd have Banquetted Senses, less imploy'd; but *Emilius* thought on nothing but *Lovisa*. When he was got pretty near the Gates of the House, he heard a Clock strike Four; which as it were awak'd him out of his Contemplation; and made him consider, how improper

186 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*
improper a time it was , to disturb a
Nobleman's Family. This thought
turn'd him again into the Grove, and
seeking out of the direct path , some
Grotto suitable to his Melancholy,
he observ'd a part of the Grove in-
clos'd ; which lookt extream shady ;
he, without much trouble, got over
this Inclosure , and found the thick
gloomy shade, dark as he cou'd wish.
Vast aged Trees form'd the grand
Walk ; whose high meeting tops,
and strait Trunks, lookt Majestick ;
and a Myrtle Hedge grew thick and
even about their Roots, which added
to the Beauty of the Place. Behind
this Hedge, upon high Grass, *Emilius*
threw himself along. His Anxious
Thoughts, those usual Torments,
awhile employ'd him ; till Nature's
Reliever, soft refreshing sleep , the
effect of restless Nights, seiz'd him.
This prov'd the very walk *Lovisa*
lov'd ; nor had the Prince repos'd
long, before the Voice of that perpe-
tual Object of his Soul wak'd him.

He

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He found 'twas she, and her Companion : Love made him curious to listen if their discourse related to him ; and concealing himself, he heard the Lady, that was with her say, When, Madam, will these Destructive Grievs leave your disconsolate hours. You shun the fond Indearments of your Uncle, that you may take your fill alone of heart-breaking sorrow : Your Eyes have lost their wonted Vigour ; and your lovely Cheeks, like gather'd Roses, Fade ; and in their prime, forsake their Native Lustre. You promis'd, when the Prince obeyed his Father, and instead of burning Love, embrac'd cool Friendship : You wou'd mourn no more. His Letter assures you this is done ; yet I behold no alteration. Still the days are tedious, and the Nights are worse. *When* (I beg to know !) will your Wees have End ? ' With my Life (answer'd that Sighing Afflicted Fair) Though, wit-ness ye Powers (said she, looking ' up ;)

188 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

up;) who, with ease can view the
 inmost Recesses of my Soul; and
 plainly see what's Acted there: Wit-
 ness, I say, if I not rejoice, that
 Prince *Emilius* to Duty, and to Rea-
 son yields; quitting the Weight, the
 Burthen insupportable of Blind im-
 petuous Passion; that sinks *Lovisa*
 down to Ruine. Mutual Love cre-
 ates a pleasing Habitude of Joy;
 wherein the Mind transcendently is
 Blest: and which Time, that with
 Oblivion buries all things, can scarce
 blot out. 'Twas not with ease the
 Usurper got Possession here (went
 she on; pointing to her Heart) nor
 will he be with ease dislodg'd. All
 the Sighs and Tears it cost *Emilius*
 to gain this Virgin Heart, to bind it
 in the Enchanting Chains of Tyran-
 nick Love; I must, with Interest,
 pay back, e'er I can set the Throb-
 bing Prisoner free. Perhaps i' th'
 Conflict too the Rebel, ingag'd too
 far, may break. I have also a part
 of Falshood to Act: Think'st thou
 (continu'd

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'continu'd she, looking on her Com-
'panion;) I design never to see *Emi-*
'*lius* more? No, no: spight of the
'Promises, wherewith I've flatter'd
'him; soon as he is happy in the
'Arms of *Isabella*; the Cloyster, to
'which I've only seem'd averse, hides
'me for ever. The Prince, who
cou'd no longer bear his Mistress
shou'd think him guilty of breaking
Vows, he left a Crown to keep, met
her at the end of the walk, and fall-
ing at her Feet, he Embrac'd her
Knees, and said, 'If *Lovisa* never
'became a Recluse, till *Emilius* is
'happy in the Arms of *Isabella*, the
'Church will lose its Fairest Votary.
Who can express the surprize of *Lovi-*
sa and the other Lady! The Voice was
the Prince's, but the Face, the Habit,
contradicted that thought. 'Hea-
'vens! (cry'd *Lovisa*, in raising him)
'it cannot be Prince *Emilius*! Why
'shou'd my Life (said he; looking
'passionately on her) wonder at the
'Metamorphosis? Was this the
'hardest

190 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

'hardest Task my cruel Love injoin'd;
 'My Fate revers'd, I shou'd only
 'talk of Joys and Blessings. Ah!
 'Prince, (said *Lovisa* in a moving
 'tone and air) was this well done?
 'Didst thou fear I shou'd too soon
 'forget thee. Cruel Man, thus to in-
 'terrupt the Peace I am striving for!
 'Go to the Royal Nuptials, thy Fate
 'prepares; and leave me! Leave me
 '*Emilius*, to my Belov'd, and chosen
 'Solitude. I do design to leave thee,
 '(reply'd the Prince,) Thou Dear,
 'thou only Charmer! Excellent Wo-
 'man! The First, the Last, that
 'e'er possess'd *Emilius's* Heart! I'm for
 'ever going; push me not from thee,
 'with precipitated haste; Let me but
 'gaze a moment, grasp thy lov'd
 'hand, and bear it to my trembling
 'Lips; print my last Kisses there: I'll
 'then pursue what, sure as Death and
 'Fate, I have resolv'd. What, dear
 'Bewitching Talker, (returns *Lovisa*,
 'her Eyes swimming in Love and
 'Tears) What hast thou resolv'd?

'Even

Or Innocence Betray'd. 191

Even in these very Weeds to be for-
ever shrowded (said *Emilius*) and
far, far hence removed; at once
forsaking, what to Death I loath;
and what more than Life I lov'd!
This must not be (*Lovisa* interrupts
him): Rob not the World, and your
Unhappy Country, of Virtues, which
as they are Exemplary, shou'd be
Conspicuous: that the Great Exam-
ple may incourage a degenerate Age;
and make the Subject blush at Vices
which his Prince abhors. Ah! Do
not vainly wast the last, and only
precious moments of my Life (cry'd
Emilius.) Death, or a Cell, I've
swore, by all that's Sacred! There-
fore no more, my Love; look on
me, as a Wretch that's dying, as
one Condemn'd; without the pos-
sibility of a Reprieve; with gentle
pity sooth the rugged'st blow of
Fate, Eternal Parting. And for the
Ease of my divided Heart, which
with unbated Passion still will heave
and swell, and pant at thought of
thee,

192 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

'thee, give me thy Promise to keep
 'thy Faith inviolate. When, I, low
 'as the Dust, shall grovel in my di-
 'stant humble Cell; let me hug this
 'thought; not Crowns, nor Youth,
 'or Beauty, tempts *Lovisa* to enter-
 'tain another Love; and blot the
 'lost *Emilius* from her constant Mind.
 'Is this all, thou dear Deserver (said
 '*Lovisa*, looking on him with the
 'kindest aspect in the World?) Ah!
 'poor return for so much worth; for
 'so much Love, I'd be lavish in my
 'Protestations, were there need; but
 'sure *Emilius* neither knows himself,
 'nor me, when he requires one. You
 'are for a Cell, and where, think
 'you, I am to be dispos'd? Not in a
 'Court, I'll promise ye! Distant, in-
 'deed, our Cells will be; but the
 'thinking Mind can travail, in one
 'moment, many Leagues. I'll beg
 'of Heaven, it may be no Offence to
 'dedicate, each Day, some lov'd pe-
 'culiar hours to thee. I'll think of
 'every tender word, and look, and
 'blush

Or Innocence Betray'd. 193

Blush, as it were Acting o'er again.
This shall be the Banquet of my
Mind, all Times, besides those De-
voted to my Sighs, and Sadness!
Oh! unequal'd Charmer (answer'd
the Transported Prince) why dost
thou talk thus? Why did I beg for
Kindness, when my foolish nature
cannot bear it! That I cou'd now,
this instant, fall a Victim at thy
Feet; and thereby Eternalize the
greatest Flame, that e'er possess the
Heart of Man! But I will live; and
suffer for thee! Yes, my Fair Saint!
Judge thou thy self, if 'tis not greater
Pain to live than dye; to live
without the *Wretched'st* last Comfort,
Hope; to rave; to love like
me; even to Madness Love. And
in all these heights, to leave Thee!
Parted by Seas, and Wilds, and
Alps, and what's yet a greater Bar,
a Father's Curse! Thou Cold Benumbing
Hand of all-destroying
Death, seize me. Embalm'd by my
Lovisa's Tears! At her Feet Expiring

K

ring

194 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

‘ring is a quick Conveyance to a quiet Grave ; a Blessing I wou’d court
‘with the same Eagerness , as others
‘shun approaching Fate. His looks,
which the very Image and Impress of
unartificial sorrow bore , gave terror
to his words, and wou’d have pierc’t
Souls more insensible than *Lovisa’s*, or
her fair Friend’s. That Friend, a sorrowful Spectator of this dismal Meeting, told *Lovisa* she heard the Gates open ; and believ’d it was for *Don Alvarez*, who was coming to seek her. *Lovisa* Conducted *Emilius* away, to avoid her Uncle , out of this Inner Grove. At parting, Grief grew too big for Words : A strict Embrace, and mingl’d Tears, conclude the cruel Separation. Not that *Lovisa* fear’d *Don Alvarez’s* knowing the Prince in his Disguise : only the mutual Trouble, and Confusion they were in, was too visible , and of necessity must have been perceiv’d. This occasion’d her to hasten him away, before her Uncle reacht the Place.

Discon-

Or Innocence Betray'd. 195

Disconsolate *Emilius* return'd to the Monastery, inwardly bewailing his Condition; esteeming himself the most deplorable of human kind. His Body yielded beneath the Fatigues of these perplexing Inquietudes; so that he was taken very ill. The careful Fryars did their best to comfort, and refresh him. He desir'd to be left alone to his Repose; though, in reality, 'twas only to enjoy the Melancholy Cogitation, his disappointed Love suggested.

In the Evening, one came and told him, a Gentleman inquir'd for the *Cordelier*, that came the night before. This put the Prince upon his Guard; he bid 'em Conduct the Stranger to him; and contriv'd his Fatal Dagger in a readiness, to give him liberty, if they offer'd to seize him. But he found those Thoughts needless, when he saw *Bileront* enter. *Emilius*, with a sad Air, turn'd from him; and said, Why dost thou follow me? Thy officious Love is grown troublesome of

196 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

late. Condemn me not, till you have
 heard what I have to say (reply'd
Bileront :) 'Alas! there's an altera-
 'tion of a fatal wondrous sort, since
 'your Departure. Our Duke---Cruel
 'though he be (interrupted *Emi-*
 '*lius*) Heaven preserve him ever
 'from approaching Danger--- The
 Prince silent, *Bileront* reassumed his
 Discourse. 'The Morning your High-
 'ness left the Court, the Duke pre-
 'par'd to hunt, and inquiring for you,
 'was told, that out of respect to the
 'Princess *Isabella*, with your own
 'hand, you had been most part of
 'the night writing. This pleas' him,
 'and he said, you shou'd not be di-
 'sturb'd. He had not rode far, before
 'his Horse unfortunately threw him,
 'and he receiv'd a dangerous wound
 'in his Head. He was brought back
 'to the Palace, just as the Dutchess
 'was inform'd of your being gone.
 'This Completion of Misfortunes
 'o'er-whelm'd her. The Duke fain-
 'ted several times at the dressing of
 'his

' his hurt; yet knows not of your
' Absence; though, when he cou'd
' for his intolerable pain speak, he has
' often ask'd for you. *Emilius* lookt
earnestly in *Bileront's* Face; trying
to discover whether this sad Narra-
tion was Truth. *Bileront* perceiving
his Doubts, with earnest Asseverati-
ons confirm'd what he had said, and
convinc'd the Prince. He also told
him, how he had contriv'd to leave
some Servants, with Cloaths for him,
and directed him the way to enter
the place privately; and get shifted
without discovery. *Emilius*, though
indispos'd, prepar'd to see his Dying
Father; his Nature was Tender;
and notwithstanding Almighty Love,
this sad accident toucht him nearly.
Yet wou'd he not forget his Mourn-
ing Fair, but contriv'd a Letter,
which being of necessity to be sent by
one of the *Cordelier's*, he wou'd not
use his own hand or name, but de-
sir'd *Bileront* to write the following
words.

198 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

Madam,

THE Cordelier, you saw to Day, in the Garden, begs you wou'd defer all hasty Resolutions. An Affair of weighty moment calls him back to Court; in a few Days this shall be Explain'd. What I have said, is by directions from the---
What remains, is only that I am

Your most Humble,
and Obedient Servant,

Bileront.

Emilius gave a Fryar this Letter, and charg'd him to deliver it that Night. Then he took his leave of those Hospitable Fathers; saying, he was sent for in great haste, to Court; and promis'd that he wou'd acquaint the Prince, how Courteous, upon his Account, they had been. *Emilius* fancy'd his Deportment so odd in the Convent, that their Curiosity might prompt them to open
the

Or Innocence Betray'd. 199

the Letter; which caus'd him to have it writ so ambiguously. But they, without the least thought of such rudeness, accomplisht his desires.

Lovisa had, the remainder of that Day, been discoursing with her Uncle of her resolution to enter the Nunnery of *St. Clare*. That good Man us'd all the Arguments, a tender Affection cou'd Inspire, against it. Told her, that being Childless, he had design'd her for his Heir; which, said he, added to your own Fortune, will, as to Estate, render you a Match for any Prince in Christendom. And Beauty, Virtue, or whatever Graces else adorn your Sex, the World, that is, the Happy World which knows you, with Justice, owns you, in Perfection, Mistress of.

Alvarez said this, and a thousand more kind things, to no purpose. Gratitude and Love possess her Noble Soul; nor cou'd she in honour act less; when brave *Emilius* set the

200 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

great Example. The Arrival of the *Cordelier*, with the Letter of *Bileront*, surpriz'd her extreamly ; and for the time desir'd , she remain'd in wondrous Expectation ; framing many Conjectures wide of the matter.

Prince *Emilius* and *Bileront* reacht the Court , just as the old Duke had been in another swooning Fit. *Emilius* went directly to the Dutches ; who almost Distracted with her Unexpressible Sorrow , beheld him as a Vision. After the Dutches had chid him for his Disobedience ; she, in Mourning Terms of real Concern, related the Misfortune and Danger his Father lay under ; adding, that he had been, that Day, so earnest to see him ; that they were forc'd to own his Absence. Which News the Duke receiv'd with less Passion than was expected. The next Interval, when his fainting Spirits were a little retriev'd, *Emilius* enter'd his Chamber, and going towards the Bed, he kneel'd. Silence and a sadness unfeign'd

Or Innocence Betray'd. 201

feign'd stamp't his Face, with hum-
ble Duty; and pleaded more in his
Excuse, than if he had offer'd at ex-
tenuating words. The Duke beheld
him, but with no signs of Rage, and
with a weak Voice, said, '*Emilius*, I
'know my past Severity, rough U-
'sage, and my positive Commands,
'thy tender Nature cou'd not kindly
'brook. Believe me, Son, 'twas well
'meant; I wou'd have form'd thee;
'Youth, a perfect Souldier; but thy
'Mother's softness hangs about thy
'Soul; and she hath stamp't thee all a
'Lover. And since I'm going to the
'Land of Peace; I will not ruffle the
'Calmness I've so late obtain'd, in
'strugling with Desires violent as
'yours. With my Blessing Possess the
'Mistress, you with such an Eager-
'ness have Lov'd; and do not hate
'the Memory of your Departing Fa-
'ther, who only for your Interest,
'oppos'd this Passion: too great, it
'seems, to be remov'd. Oh! Hea-
'vens! (cries the poor Prince, o'er-

K 5 'come

202 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

‘ come with Filial Sorrow) must I
 ‘ ne’er aim at Joys sincere ! Live, my
 ‘ dear Father, live ; though to conti-
 ‘ nue Cruel, divided ever from my
 ‘ Unhappy Fair, I fancy I cou’d bear
 ‘ it now ! No more, no more, (the
 ‘ Duke stops him) on this Theme !
 ‘ Come nearer , receive and remem-
 ‘ ber the last Instructions of thy Dy-
 ‘ ing Father. The Prince, being sear-
 ‘ ed by him , he gave him such Poli-
 ‘ tick Rules , as he , by long Practice
 ‘ had found most useful ; the constant
 ‘ observing of which , has enlarg’d his
 ‘ Dominions , and augmented his
 ‘ Power.

That Night the Duke Expir’d, *E-*
milius was immediately Proclaim’d,
 according to his Right , Successor.
 The Young Duke manag’d his Af-
 fairs with a most uncommon Pru-
 dence ; being Affectionately Dutiful
 to his Weeping Mother ; and obli-
 ging all whom his Father had lov’d,
 and favour’d. *Lovisa* was , by his
 Order, acquainted with all these Par-
 ticulars ;

Or Innocence Betray'd. 203

particulars; yet so fearful was he of committing any undecency, that he deny'd himself the satisfaction of seeing her, for three Months. The delight of reciprocal Love, being the highest Abstract of Joy, he justly judg'd it improper to possess at a time, which in Duty, he ought to dedicate wholly to Affliction.

All the Court look'd on *Lovisa*, as a Person ordain'd for their Dutcheſs; and already gave her a profound Respect. *Don Alvarez*, who lov'd her entirely, was so pleas'd with her Exalted Fortune, that he settl'd all his Lands and Lordships on her, after his Decease. This render'd it Policy as well as Pleasure, for the Duke to Espouse her; the Estate being too Opulent for a Subject, without danger, to enjoy. The Dutcheſs Dowager prevails with *Lovisa* to return to Court, and the time of strict Mourning being over *Emilius* constantly Visits her; his Love, if possible, still seeming to Increase. At length, the Nuptials,

204 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

Nuptials are concluded ; and with great Solemnity perform'd. *Billeront* deservedly remaining his dearest endlefs Favourite.

I think, I safely may affirm (added *Francisco*) Prince *Emilius* a happy Man. His publick Affairs are Prosperous, his Beauteous Dutcheſs Fruitful in Iſſue, as well as Charms ; indearingly kind to him ; and naturally good to all. Whatever progreſs he undertakes, ſhe, by his deſire, ſtill accompany's him, except to the Camp ; where he hath done wonders, ſince his Acceſſion to the Throne. Demonſtrating that a perfect Lover may be a compleat Soldier.

Thus ends *Francisco* ; By the Commands of your Highneſs (bowing to *Olympia* :) I have, to the utmoſt of my knowledge, diſcover'd each particular relating to the Loves of that Incomparable Pair.

The Ladies were liberal in their thanks to *Francisco* ; and infinitely pleas'd

pleas'd with the Narration; especially *Melora*; her Sentiments were Delicate; and by a Sympathetic Power, the Misfortunes or Blessings of others sensibly mov'd her Passions. This the Cardinal observes, and improves by a thousand new Protestations of everlasting Fidelity. *Melora* was so full of the foregoing History, she did not seem to listen much to the Cardinal's Complements. *Olympia* took notice of it, and said 'My Dear, 'you are mightily delighted with ' *Lovisa*; but I don't perceive you 'intend to follow her Example: She 'did not maintain her rigour half so 'long. True (added *Barberino*) *Emilius*, in all his Sufferings, had the 'rich Cordial of *Lovisa*'s Love for his 'support; but I pay all my Vows to 'an obdurate Rock; to a fair Marble 'Statue; Deaf to my Prayers, and 'with my Sighs unmov'd. I thought 'reply'd *Melora*, (Blushing and looking on *Olympia*) my Royal Government wou'd have chid me, as discovering

206 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

‘vering my Weakness too far : and
 ‘I assure you, my Lord (went she
 ‘on smiling) you cannot oblige me
 ‘more than in comparing me to Rocks
 ‘and Marbles, and such impenetra-
 ‘ble stuff: for I have a great vanity
 ‘to be thought Inexorable. *Melora*
 deliver’d this with an unusual cheer-
 ful air; infinitely charming the
 amorous Priest. He snatcht her lovely
 Hand, and moulding it with burning
 Kisses, cry’d passionately, this warm
 softness is, I’m sure, no Kin to Mar-
 ble.

Unavoidable Business call’d *Olym-*
pia next Day to the Court of *Rome*.
 For this Politick Niece of the Pope’s
 was as busy in the Ecclesiastical Af-
 fairs, as any Favourite Nephew, be-
 fore, or since. Most part of the last
 Night at the *Villa*, they spent in wo-
 ing *Melora*, that the next Journey to
 this convenient Solitude shou’d com-
 plete the Happyness of the pretended
 Prince *Alphonfus*. Reiterated Prayers
 prevail’d; and that Fair Sacrifice, by
 her

Or Innocence Betray'd. 207

her sweet blushing silence, gives consent. Transported with their Fatal Success, they all return to *Rome*; the Ladies by themselves, and the Cardinal another way.

Fate, as if not fully resolv'd to destroy such Perfection and Innocence as sweet *Melora's*, made offers at a Discovery; offers only they prov'd, and the black contrivance went on. The first Prospect of undeceiving her, was *Francisco's* falling in love with her. His being privy to the Design, gave him often Opportunities of her Conversation. And you may as well suppose it easy to dwell in Flames and not be scorch'd; as to be often near *Melora*, hear her talk, and view her Charms, yet feel no warmth. Stiff'd Fire can never be long conceal'd; much less the Hottest Flame, Smother'd Love. Cunning *Olympia* catcht his unwary Eyes Rivetted to her fair Face; observ'd his frequent Sighs, his Tremblings, and his change of Colour, when she talk'd to him,
or

208 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

or he, by accident, was near. This in the first beginnings of his Love, *Olympia* informs the Cardinal. He consider'd it as dangerous, and being sending dispatches into *Spain*, makes him the Chief Commissioner, and hurries him away; giving him no opportunity again to see *Melora*.

Francisco guess'd the Cause of this new Employ, and was upon the rack. He knew shou'd he disobey, or give *Melora* caution of her approaching Ruine; if there were Daggers or Poysons to be bought in *Rome*, his Life must satisfy the revengeful Cardinal. Then, he justly thought *Melora's* hate would fall on him, as well as all the rest of her Deceivers. He vainly hop'd, diversity of bus'ness wou'd efface her Charming Image from his Breast. He knew his Fortunes destroy'd for ever, shou'd he forsake a Prince Cardinal, whose Power was so vast to raise him. Yet against these, gentle Compassion, increas'd by Love, pleaded strongly; and always whis-

per'd

per'd him to save such Matchless Innocence. But e'er he had determin'd, the Impatient Cardinal forces him on Board. When *Melora* ask'd for him, *Barberino* told her he was gone to *Modena*, by his Order. *Olympia* now began to press her earnestly, for this design'd Journey to the *Villa*. *Melora* knew what they expected from her there; and her Virgin Fears representing Marriage, without her Father's Knowledge, terrible still, caus'd her to put it off, delaying with many excuses. *Olympia* had procur'd a Priest, she having a hundred of them at her service; Preferment lying so greatly in her Power. The Priest knew not the bottom of the design; was only told it was two Friends of *Donna Olympia's*, who desir'd to be Marry'd privately.

Whilst things remain'd thus, with no other stop, but *Melora's* delays; she happen'd, passing through her Father's Hall, to drop a Letter of the Cardinal's; which her Father, following

210 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*
lowing her, took up, and read these
words.

Divine Princess,

*Each moment, that I see you not,
seems to drag a heavy Chain. To live
another Day and Night without you,
wou'd be a Torment wholly Insupportable.
When I see you next, to read a little An-
ger in your lovely Eyes, for my long stay,
will please me more than the smiles of
Empresses. So much is every word and
look priz'd by the Humblest of your Ser-
vants.*

The Embassadour strait calls for
his Daughter, and showing the Pa-
per in his Hand, ask'd her from
whom that Piece of Gallantry came?
It is observable that Women are so
ingenious and quick at nothing, as
the Affairs of Love. And the most
ignorant and illiterate, commonly
have cunning enough to manage an
Intrigue. I believe, the Reason is,
Love being the most agreeable Passion
of

Or Innocence Betray'd. 211

of their Minds, employs every Faculty of their Soul readily; no wonder then *Melora* was so quick at an excuse. For she, without any hesitation, answers her Father, it was a Letter of her own composing, and design'd for *Olympia*. He suddenly returns upon her, but how comes it then in a Man's hand? I have it always drawn over by one of her Pages (replies *Melora*, without any visible discomposure) to divert her the more. Though this sounded a little strangely, yet so unblemish'd was the Carriage and Conversation of this Young Lady, that her Father gave her back the Letter, without the least mistrust. Glad was *Melora* thus easily to recover it, and going to *Olympia* acquaints her with the story. Who, thereupon presses her again for the Marriage; assuring her that the Duke's Bus'ness went on successfully; and that she wou'd quickly be Proclaim'd Dutches of *Ferrara* and *Modena*; will you then (adds she earnestly)

212 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

earnestly) neglect the opportunity of this proffer'd Glory ; and by backwardness delay time , till some sinister accident occur, that may frustrate all our designs? These Arguments, deliver'd by so faithful a Friend , as *Melora* took *Olympia* to be ; mov'd her to yield.

This joyful News is communicated to the Cardinal , who came that Night, and expresses his transports by a thousand Extravagancies of Fondness. Now the third Journey is made to the *Villa* , where these Unhappy Nuptials are Celebrated ; at which *Hymen* ought to have hid his Face ; and only *Portentous Omens* appear'd.

Melora's Genius still whispers she has done ill ; which foreboding Thoughts take from her Eyes their chearful Lustre. Innumerable were their Prayers before they cou'd obtain a full Consummation : at length powerful importunity overcomes ; and the Cardinal has sacrific'd to his Lust Na-

ture's

Or Innocence Betray'd. 213

ture's Master-piece. Who, if her Fate had equall'd her Beauty, and other rare Indowments, might justly have expected in reality, as much Greatness, as *Olympia* only flatter'd her with.

Six Months this Insatiate Priest Revels on that Luxurious Banquet, Blooming Youth, and yielding Beauty. By which time his fierce desires begin to cool in that certain Cure for Love full Enjoyment. Then he, with vexation reflects on the almost unaccountable sums, this short-liv'd Pleasure hath cost him; besides *Melora's* Pregnancy; which, spight of their utmost indeavours, wou'd, in a short time, appear; adds infinitely to his Terrors. These Thoughts take from his Conversation that Vivacity and Livelyness which before made it pleasing. *Melora* quickly perceives this alteration; and sensibly resents it. Her demeanour was replete with Duty and Love; nor can she but with inexpressible regret, indure this cold return.

214 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

return. He excuses it with the crossness of his Affairs ; which *Melora* in part believes : for by the publick Discourse at her Father's , she understands the real Duke of *Modena* was near a Rupture, with the Pope ; and that a War was like to follow. She represents this to *Olympia* ; who puts her off with fair words only.

Whilst these unhappy things were Acted in and near *Rome* , the fore-mention'd *Francisco*, whose Soul was agitated with a hundred different Resolutions, arrives in *Spain*. But neither the Sea , nor distant Climates, can Efface *Melora* from his Memory. Slight Wounds , Absence and Time may heal, but this Charming Beauty gives no such ; and his pains augment. Then he Curses his Cowardise , and calls himself a thousand Villains , for leaving the Lady expos'd ; first to the Lust, and then the Cruelty of the Cardinal. For he knew *Antonio's* Temper too well, to doubt Barbarity would follow his satiated Love.

Love. These Apprehensions distract him to that degree, that he resolves to leave unfinish'd all his Bus'ness, and return disguis'd to *Rome*; and rescue, if possible, the Guiltless Maid from the Jaws of Ruine.

Pursuant to this design, he immediately goes on Board; but is unfortunately, by contrary Winds, kept on the Seas, till the time is Elaps'd for his doing any service to *Melora*. At length, he lands, comes to *Rome* in the Habit of a Pilgrim; discolouring his Face to that degree, that 'twas impossible any Body shou'd know him. He rejoices in his safe Arrival at *Rome*; and vainly hopes, something hath hitherto disappointed the Cardinal's Consummating his Wishes. Then Love presents him, with the false flattering Joy (it being natural for that Passion to deceive us :) that he, saving *Melora* from the dire Fate that hung over her; she might, in recompense give him leave to own his Flame. Not then considering,
that,

216 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

that, when *Melora* was convinc'd of the Treachery design'd against her, she must needs detest every Instrument of the Treason. Now the difficulty that remain'd, was the getting an Opportunity to speak with *Melora*, she being perpetually almost at *Olympia's*, where he not daring to venture, was in a great Perplexity. He lurks in the Evening near *Olympia's* House; discovers the Cardinal go in, by an usual door of the Garden, and resolv'd to watch his return; but was amaz'd to find it not till the Morning's approach. Then his fears began to inform him, all help was past; however delays must certainly make it so. Therefore he designs the next time *Olympia* went to the Pope's Palace, to ask boldly for *Melora*, and trust to his Disguise. But he was prevented in this, by seeing *Melora* take Coach in the Afternoon, accompany'd only by *Olympia's* Woman; and inquiring whither the Coach was going, he was inform'd to *Olympia's* Villa. He immediately

Or Innocence Betray'd. 217

immediately follows them; and the next day, with a Key he had preserv'd, got into the Garden; hoping he might find *Melora* there; if he did not, he knew his Habit would protect him from Violence, shou'd any of the Family see him. But here his Wishes were answer'd; for e'er he had searcht far, he beheld that sweet Lady lying on a Bed of Grass, near a Fountain, whose murmurs joining with her own Sorrows, had lull'd her into a slumber. For sorrowful he perceiv'd she had been, by the rich dew which wet her Handkerchief, and yet hung upon her fair Cheeks. He cou'd scarce view this Mourning Fair, without joining in the Womanish Grief. After he had gaz'd, and sigh'd, and talkt things, sad as despair cou'd utter; he spies her Table-Book open; where something seem'd to have been just written. Taking it up, finds these lines.

L

Happy's

218 The Inhumane Cardinal,

Happy's the Nymph born in a homely Seat,
Nor knows the troubles of the rich and great.
Wrapt in th' Embraces of her faithful Swain,
Feels still new Joys with no allay of pain.
Ambition ne'er disturbs their gentle Love,
Nor Cares, nor Fears, their harmless Mirth
remove.

In Huts as humble as their Minds they lye,
And lofty Roofs despise that reach the Sky.
To these alone does Heaven true Joys dis-
spence,
And with content rewards their Innocence.
Content a Jewel that is seldom known
To bless or beautify a Regal Crown.

Ab! How have my unwary Footsteps
straid,
While noise and glory my soft hours be-
tray'd.
My purchas'd Pomp my Happyneſs has coſt,
So in purſuit of Toys the Gem is loſt.

Alas! Unhappy Beauty, ſaid he,
with a ſigh: (as he had done reading)
if thou art already ſad, how wilt thou
mourn with endless Wailings, when
the bottom of thy Fate is known! all
the woful truth discover'd. This,
Enam'd, Transported with his Paſ-
ſion,

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sion, spoke so loud, that he wak'd the sleeping Fair; who seeing a Man so near her, starts up and cry'd, who art thou, that thus rudely pressest on my solitude, and disturb'st my quiet Moments? A Wretch (he answer'd, putting one Knee to the ground) that's born to Curse himself; nay worse, one whom you are bound to Curse, with direct Imprecations pursue, nor ever mention, but when an Invektive of the bitter sort must follow. Sure (replies *Melora* calmly) you take me for some other Person, since I dare boldly say, my Conscience, my Soul's faithful Register, does not accuse me with so much Injustice, as ever to have an Inclination to Curse a Stranger, much less one who bears the Religious Show; which I, in all Persons, venerate. Is this Voice wholly a Stranger to you (he return'd passionately.) Oh that it were; or that the Name of *Francisca* had been blotted with Eternal Oblivion, rather than have reacht the Ears of the Ador'd
L 2 *Melora!*

220 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*
Melora ! Or that an avenging Bolt
had struck me to the Center , before
I had been made the detested Instru-
ment of deceiving you ! Why do you
perplex me thus with Riddles , (says
Melora ; the Blood beginning to for-
sake her Cheeks) if you are *Francisco*,
my Lord's Chief Favourite, whom he
sent to *Modena* : what means this Ha-
bit ? And why this strange Address ?
Your Lord (answers this feign'd Pil-
grim hastily)----then all my fears are
true ; and you must prepare to hear
a story, at which my Bleeding Heart
sinks down, and my faltering Tongue
almost denies me power to relate.
What does *Alphonfus* then design to
abandon me ? (interrupts the fearful
Creature , falling upon a Bank , her
trembling Knees not being able to
support her :) has he cruelly resolv'd
(went she on, all in Tears) to deny
his Marriage , and expose me, and
his Off-spring to endless Infamy ?
Oh ! haste ! Deliver me from these
Fears ; or see me dead ! And is (said
she,

Or Innocence Betray'd. 221

she, before he cou'd speak) *Olympia* join'd with him, in my undoing? Why do you not answer me, and ease my Throbbing Heart? If the Duke and she are both false to Love, and Sacred Friendship, pronounce my Doom, at once; let me not linger long in Torments. Since Providence has Ordain'd you so unkind a Fate (replies *Francisco*) take to you, Madam, the resolution, your Innocence affords: Let your Injuries disrobe your Soul of Tenderness: Arm your self with a noble scorn; and make your just Resentments overcome your Sorrows. Oh! Do not pause (cries that weeping Fair) go on; though it give me Death. Heaven is my Witness (says he, still delaying) I wou'd not undeceive you, so sad's the task, did not I fear a farther Mischiefe. But, to prevent that, know, Madam, your Husband is not *Alphonsus*, nor Duke of *Modena*; but *Antonio Barbarino*, the Pope's Nephew. He assumes most unjustly, the Title of Cardinal Pa-

222 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

tron ; when in reality he is a Destroyer of his Cuntry, and an utter Enemy to all Goodness. As *Francisco* was about to proceed, he perceiv'd a deadly paleness to o'erspread *Melora's* Beauties ; and after some Efforts of struggling Nature, she fell into a Swoon. Never any perplexity equal'd this poor Lover's ; he was unwilling to call any of the House to her assistance, because he had not finish'd his Discovery ; nor given her a Caution of *Barbarino's* Cruelty. He runs to the Fountain, sprinkles some of it's Waters on her Face, bows her Body gently forwards ; at last she revives. Casting her lovely Eyes, o'erwhelm'd with Sorrows, upon him, she said with a Sigh : ' Ah ! Cruel Man ! ' why have you brought me back to ' this detested Light ; which, I must ' never more view with Chearfulness ! Yet, how know I (adds she, ' recollecting her self :) but you may ' be an Impostor, and forge this ' Story, to abuse my Friend, and ' Lord.

Or Innocence Betray'd. 223

' Lord. On that condition I wou'd
' part with my right hand replies this
' guilty Informer: No, Madam; what
' I averr, is too sad a Truth: *Antonio*
' is the Man: I can bring you, where
' you shall see him in his Scarlet
' Robes going to the Consistory. Be-
' hold here (went he on, pulling Pa-
' pers out of his Pocket) Dispatches
' written with his own hand; which,
' I believe you know. *Melora* cou'd
' not but own she did; having re-
' ceiv'd a hundred Billets-Doux's, in the
' same Character. Fly then Madam,
' (proceeds *Francisco*) from this most
' abhor'd of Men, and Basest of Wo-
' men, whose degenerate Souls cou'd
' Betray such Matchless Virtue, to Un-
' parallel'd Ruine. I am certain their
' wicked designs will not end thus.
' For when the Cardinal who knows
' not to put a true Estimate on Beauty,
' has satiated his Luxurious Ap-
' petite: your Death (Ah dismal
' Thought! cries he, in a Tone wholly
' Passionate) your Death will follow:

224 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

' I have heard them so resolve.
 ' Whither shall I fly (replies the Dis-
 ' console Lady) with this Guilty
 ' Load ! Not to my Incens'd Father ;
 ' he will upbraid me with my Diso-
 ' bedience , and say, my Punishment
 ' is a just Reward for my crime. Oh !
 ' Heavens ! (say'd she) may I not
 ' murmur , may I not Complain :
 ' that these Probations are too severe
 ' for my Frailer Sex to bear ! Consider,
 ' Madam, (replies the truly Afflicted
 ' *Francisco*) Parents are Indulgent ;
 ' and when he shall hear the Truth ;
 ' which I will also , with my Life at-
 ' test ; your Innocency , and Nature
 ' pleading in your behalf ; will force
 ' him to receive you with Paternal
 ' Tendernefs: Therefore hasten from
 ' this Dissolute Priest ; whose many
 ' Lusts and Impieties to relate, wou'd
 ' die your cheeks in a modest Crimson:
 ' *La Cecca Buffona* was once his Mi-
 ' stress , and Glory'd in her shame.
 ' Then to a Courtesan , who dwelt
 ' in the *Julian-street* , he gave , to
 ' satisfy

Or Innocence Betray'd. 225

'satisfy his Lust but once, a Thousand
'Crowns: not to mention the more
'than Brutal Passion he hath oft had
'for his own Sex.

'My Soul sickens at these Black
'Relations; (say'd *Melora*) and Un-
'born Innocence Dy's in my Womb.
As she was speaking; a Page enters
the Garden, and tells her *Donna O-*
limpia was just Arriv'd; at which
Melora, composing her self as much
as possibly she cou'd, prepares to go
and receive her. But first she desires
Francisco to make her Father's House
his Sanctuary; and tells him she will
Escape thither, if by none of their
stratagems prevented, the next Day;
adding, that till she came, he shou'd
not mention any thing of these Un-
happy Circumstances. 'I will, in
'every particular, obey you, (an-
'swers that Dejected Man) but e'er
'I go, I wou'd, on my Knees, im-
'plore what will, in you, be an Act
'of Mercy, almost above a Mortal;
'and bring to my despairing Soul, the

226 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

‘only Balsam, that can heal it’s ran-
corous Wounds, and deter my Des-
perate Hand, from Committing on
my Body the Violence, my Guilty
Thoughts suggest: I mean, Forgive-
ness. Madam, if from your fair
Mouth, I hear my Pardon Seal’d,
I shall embolden’d grow, and look
towards Heaven for Mercy; else, I
must sink to the dismal Grave, co-
ver’d o’er with trembling horror,
and never hope with Joy to rise.

‘Bear Witness Heaven (replies that
lovely Creature; her intermingling
Tears almost hindering her Speech)
‘I forgive you, and may that bound-
less store, from whence Eternal
‘Mercy flows, forgive you too! Yet
‘give me leave, *Francisco* to add, it
‘was unkind, mighty unkind, thus
‘to betray a harmless Maid; who
‘never so much as in thought har-
bour’d a wrong to you. ’Twas Bar-
barous; ---- ’twas something worse
‘than I can give a name to (replies
‘her Idolater, almost-raving). *Melora*
interrupts

Or Innocence Betray'd. 227

interrupts him, and Commands him to rise, and fly to his intended refuge : saying, she knew *Olympia* wou'd immediately be there. He obeys, and departs with the saddest aspect in the World. Assoon as *Olympia* had convers'd with *Melora*, she discover'd the pressure upon her Spirits; and plainly saw she put a great constraint upon her self, to appear chearful. At first *Olympia* imputed it only to the Cardinal's Absence, and told her, in a gay strain, she must not be so fond; but however to satisfy her longing, the Duke would be there that Night. Will he, Madam, (Answers the other, with an Air of scorn) and when shall we enjoy this glorious Splendor, my dazl'd Eyes have but in Fancy seen? Methinks I wish my Lord wou'd quit his pretensions to *Ferrara*, and be content with *Modena*; that will satisfy my Ambition. *Melora* deliver'd this in a tone so different from that she us'd to discourse of his Affairs in, that the cunning *Olympia* fixing

228 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

fixing her Eyes upon her, immediately guess'd, she had some Information of the Deceit; and making her a slight Answer, goes to inquire who had been there; and understands by the Page that went into the Garden, a Pilgrim was seen talking with her. Whilst she was busy'd in this Examination, her Woman brings her word the Cardinal was in her Closet, and desir'd to speak with her before he saw *Melora*. *Olympia* flies to him, but e'er she cou'd deliver her News, *Barbarino* greets her with this: 'Madam (says he) I have this day had Intelligence from *Spain*, that *Francisco* has quitted the Negotiation, I employ'd him in there, in a disguise. Nay then the Riddle's Explain'd, replies *Olympia*, and relates all the foregoing Passages. Upon this, they both agree to send a couple of Trusty Servants in search of this Feign'd Pilgrim; who should seize him, and lay him fast; rightly conjecturing his design was to publish their Crime.

These

Or *Innocence Betray'd*. 229

These Fellows o'ertake the wretched Man, before he was got half way to *Rome*; his Afflictions hindering his swift travelling: They straight bind, gag, and hall him back to *Olympia's*; where he is committed close Prisoner to a remote Chamber. Now these two wicked ones, the Cardinal and *Olympia*, begin to consult farther, and take *Melora* into their Consideration. After a thousand Arguments and Reasons urg'd backwards and forwards, her doom is seal'd.

Thus this Lovely Rose, the wonderful excess of extravagant Nature, whose blooming sweetness wou'd have given years of Rapture, to an honest, honourable Husband: is *now*, by the very Possessor, Condemn'd to Fade, and wither in the Thoughtless Dust. Nor cou'd her Pregnancy, even by *him* (which wou'd have made Barbarians to have Melted;) move this Inhuman Cardinal: No; his Reputation is concern'd, and she must dy. That ensuing Night accordingly

Olympia

230 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

Olympia deliver'd to this most Cruel Man a Powder, whose fatal Power wou'd, in Twelve hours time, certainly dissolve that well appointed Union of the Soul and Body. At Supper they conclude to give it her in a Glas of Wine and Water; they three always eating in *Olympia's* Closet, without Attendance, except *Beatrice*, because the pretended Duke was not to be seen by the Servants.

Full of these Hellish Resolutions *Olympia* goes to seek the intended Victim; finds her in her Closet devoutly kneeling, directing her Pious Prayers to a place, where Persons guilty of *Olympia's* Crimes, must never enter. A sight, one wou'd have thought, shou'd have struck that Barbarous Woman with remorse. But she, unmov'd, proceeds, and with a seeming chearfulness, asks *Melora* to go with her to the Duke. This disconsolate Lady's Face was deckt in Sorrow's chiefest Robes; yet, through all that Clouded Sadness, such a
World

Or Innocence Betray'd. 231

World of Beauty shone, as wou'd
have turn'd a Tyrant's Rage; dis-
arm'd the Fury of Irrational Crea-
tures; and preserv'd her in the very
Paws of Lyons. But the Bloody *Bar-
barino* views her with relentless Eyes;
and with his own hand presents her
the poisonous Draught, which the
trembling Lady drinks: For every
thing she fear'd; yet hop'd they
were ignorant of her Information.
Now, the Plot for the Cardinal's re-
moval to *Rome* must be Executed. To
that end *Olympia's* Woman brings
her a Pacquet, saying a Gentleman,
in great haste, had just brought it. In
this Pacquet, there is a Letter direct-
ed to the Duke of *Modena*; which he
reads with show of great concern,
and tells the Ladies he must needs
leave them instantly, and post back
to *Rome*. Poor *Melora* inwardly rejoy-
ces at his design; having resolv'd to
deny him her Bed, which she fear'd
might betray her knowledge of their
Treachery. He takes his leave with
seeming

232 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

seeming Reluctancy, and returns to Rome, jocund that his Lust is satisfi'd, and his Crime like to remain undiscover'd. *Melora* retires to her Chamber betimes; designing to make her Escape early the next Morning; and then thinking her self out of danger, she resolves to leave a Letter, that shall accuse *Olympia* of that perfidious dealing she hath us'd towards her. She writes the following Letter, and lays it upon her Table in the Closet; and intends to leave, the next day, the Key in the Door.

To Donna Olympia.

IF Providence favour my Innocence, before this come to your hands, I shall have escaped your Power. Think then, Madam, how the judging World, when they know my Wrongs, and hear my Story, will Condemn you of Unexampl'd Perfidy, that you must for ever hide your guilty head; lest, as you pass, the Virgins Curses catch you, and bring down

Or Innocence Betray'd. 233

down swift Destruction. You have betray'd the most trusting Maid Breathing: one, who wou'd willingly have laid down that Life you so unkindly pursue, for your service; and for that Lustful Satyr, whose Crimes no Age can parallel. Tell him, when I appear, his conscious Cheeks shall outvye his Scarlet. But if that un-auspicious Fate, which has led me to this heavy Misfortune, shou'd still continue its Malignity; and let your Crimes Center in my Death: know, I can meet that with undaunted Bravery; being assur'd at the last day, I shall appear in-compass'd with Myriads of glorious Spirits; whilst I behold you, and your black Accomplice, rousing beneath in Sulphurous Flames; howling out dire Lamentations, for the Cruelties practis'd on the most Injur'd

Melora.

The next Morning Olympia goes into her Chamber, and finds the young Creature, according to her wish, dead; she makes a dismal Outcry;

234 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*
Outcry ; and having drawn all the
House about her , Counterfeits Sor-
rows almost to a Frenzy. The Mar-
quess of *Cour*, her Father, is immedi-
ately sent for ; to whom she continues
her Grief at such an immoderate rate,
that he is forc'd to neglect his own
Sorrows, and turn Comforter. Soon
after is *Melora's* private Interment ;
where the poor Embassador left all
his Joys ; Mourning to that Excess,
as wou'd have mov'd a heart of stone.
She being his only Daughter, and a
Person of that Beauty and Parts, I
must leave Indulgent Fathers to judge
the Sorrows I cannot describe.

Now the Cardinal's next Business
is to dispose of *Francisco* , which he
does to the Gallies ; where he may
tell his despair, and prate of *Barbari-*
no's Cruelty, to the Winds and Seas,
for they assoon will hear him , as his
Robust Companions. The unusual
Toils, and the intolerable Bastinado's
which the Cardinal orders to be gi-
ven him, quickly end his days.

Yet

Or Innocence Betray'd. 235

Yet these dark Practises are doom'd
to be brought to light, and that by
one of the Actors, *Olympia's* Woman
Beatrice; who taking some deep dis-
gust, flies to the Embassador, and re-
lates to that Disconsolate Father, each
particular of this sad story. The un-
happy Marquess then remembers a
hundred circumstances, that convince
him of the dismal Truth. He imme-
diately Petitions the Pope, lays open
plainly the Fact, brings the Maid to
attest it; but all in vain. *Antonio* and
Olympia are Persons too Great, for
him to obtain Justice against, in the
Court of *Rome*. So that he is forc'd to
leave the last mention'd to the Ter-
rors of her own Conscience for her
Punishment, and enter himself a Soul-
dier in the Duke of *Parma's* Army;
who then made War against the
House of the *Barbarino's*; to be re-
veng'd of the first. But Heaven's
Vengeance slept not long; the Suc-
ceeding Pope Banishing *Olympia* to
Orvieto, a City Twenty Leagues
from

236 *The Inhumane Cardinal,*

from *Rome*; where she dy'd miserably of the Plague, abandon'd even by her own Domesticks; and the Cardinal soon after, loaded with Diseases, and Infamy, sunk to the Grave; by all unpity'd.

Thus, Ladies, you are brought to the deplorable end of the Beauteous *Melora*. And as her Misfortunes must raise Compassion in the tender Bosoms of the Young and Fair; so they may stand a lasting Caution to beware the Insinuations of the designing part of your own Sex; who having themselves lost that inestimable and never to be recover'd Jewel, *Reputation*: endeavour to destroy Blooming Innocence. Beauty, as we may call it, is but the Paint of Nature; which, though it outlast the Lilly and the Rose; yet, sure as they, must Fade: whilst a Fragrant Fame never dies. *Melora* cannot justly be taxed with any Misdemeanor, but venturing to Act weighty things, without her Father's Knowledge

Or Innocence Betray'd. 237

ledge. Yet her hard Fate may fright
all from Entertaining Motions of a
Marriage, how specious soever they
appear; till they have taken the Ad-
vice and Consent of those, whom
God and Nature have appointed their
Governors and Directors.

THE END.

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